VOL. 1

SUNG BY

MR. JOHN MCCORMACK

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

Edited, arranged,

AND FOR THE MOST PART COLLECTED

BY

HERBERT HUGHES.

Price $1.50 (NET-B. & Co.)

BOOSEY & Co.

NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON, (ENG.)

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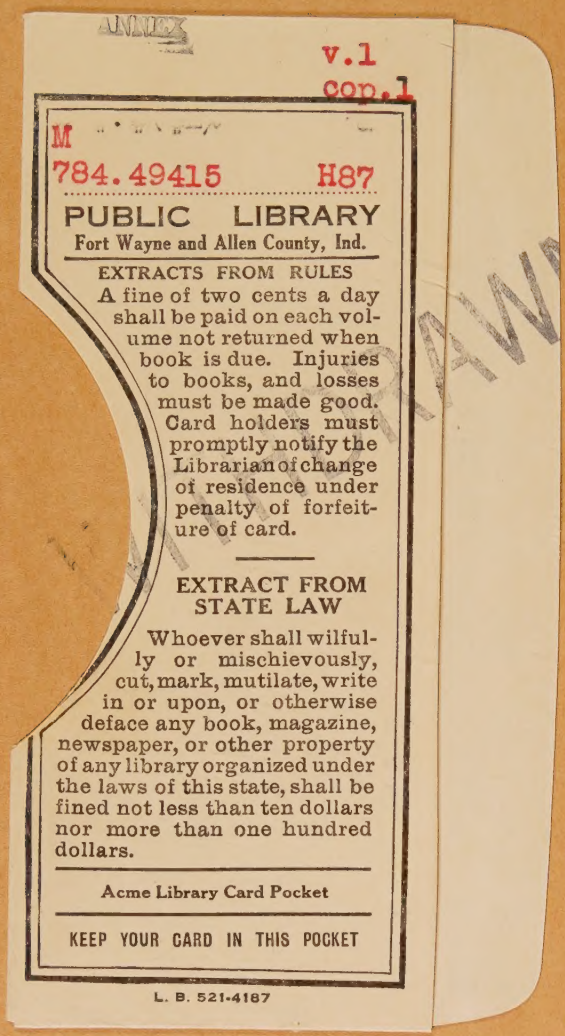
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PREFACE

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And back I'd bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best,
—She said,
To the arms that I love best

or this:

There 's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my love and me

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been

that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgement of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the Border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby

decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. To any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the internal history of the Irish people this does not come as a surprise, and to those who have listened to the music of the Gael in its proper environment it has always been self-evident. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could dream of. So-called "quarter-tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurry or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French school, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

This question, then, of untempered scales is not new; it is as old as the sun and the moon and the stars. Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly

as they were sung or played. I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. We do not know the date of any of these melodies, and to harmonize them according to the text-books of the schools would simply make them resemble very bad Anglican hymn-tunes of 1830. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

To my wife, to Sir Charles Stanford, and to Mr. Plunket Greene, I wish to express here my indebtedness for many valuable suggestions; and my thanks are especially due to my old nurse, Ellen Boylan, from whom I obtained some of the most beautiful melodies in this book.

HERBERT HUGHES.

London, 1909.

NOTE

IN this volume there are only two poems that are translated from the original Gaelic—those entitled "My love, oh she is my love" and "I wish I had the shepherd's lamb." I give here part of the original poem of which Dr. Hyde has made a metrical translation in "The Love Songs of Connacht." There are ten verses altogether, but I have only set five to the tune in this book.

AN SEARC 'GÁ DÍÚLTUGAD

Mo ghrádh, ón 'rí mo ghrádh
An bean ir mó díor 'g am' chrádh,
Ir annsa í ó m' dhéanamh cinn
Ná an bean do m' dhéanamh slán.

'Sí mo stór, ón 'rí mo stór,
bean an soirg uaithne mar an nór,
bean nach g-cuirfeadh lámh fá m'-cheann
bean nach luidfeadh liom ar ór.

Mór mo chás, ón mór mo chás
Ir iongnadh fad go bhfágam bás,
bean nach dtiúbhradh taobh liom
Dar mo mhionn ir í mo ghrádh.

'S í mo mhian, ón 'rí mo mhian,
bean ir annsa liom faoi 'n ngréim,
An bean nach g-cuirfeadh orm binn
Dá suidhfinn le na taéibh.

'Sí do chráidhigh mo chroidhe
A'r d'fágbuig orna am' lár
Muna dtógchar an t-oic fo ómchroidhe
Ní béidh mé go deó slán.

Dr. Hyde's translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. He gives it also literally as follows, including the verses I have left out:

My love, oh! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me; Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be making me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey (?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (*i.e.*, me) nothing; A woman

who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears. She is my shape, Oh, she is my shape, A woman who does not remember me to be out, A woman who would not cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle. Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me, And who is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great disrespect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

In reference to the phrase "She is my shape," Dr. Hyde gives a note in which he suggests that the word cruċ, which he has translated as "shape," may have been intended for croċ, meaning riches or cattle. He goes on to say that an old meaning of cruċ is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. The poet may have meant to say "She is my riches." The word generally means "shape," which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of beauty.

The other song, "I wish I had the shepherd's lamb," is pretty well known all over Ireland, both in Irish and English. The late George Petrie took down two verses from a peasant in the county of Clare, and Dr. Joyce, whose version I have set to the music, has added one stanza (the second) to those given by Dr. Petrie.

Ar truaġ ġan peaca'n maoir agum
Ar truaġ ġan peaca'n maoir agum
Ar truaġ ġan peaca'n maoir agum
'Sna caoire beaġa bána.

Chorus

Ir ó ġoirm, ġoirm tú
Ir ġrád mo ċroide ġan ċeilġ tú
Ir ó ġoirm, ġoirm tú
'S tú peaca beaġ do máṫar.

Ar truaġ ġan maoilín bán agum
Ar truaġ ġan maoilín bán agum
Ar truaġ ġan maoilín bán agum
Ar fáilte ó mo ġrád ġeal.

Ar truaġ ġan bólaċt bainne agum
Ar truaġ ġan bólaċt bainne agum
Ar truaġ ġan bólaċt bainne agum
Ar Cáitín o na máṫair.

Dr. Joyce gives the following translation of the chorus:

And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee
And the love of my heart without deceit thou art,
And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee,
And thou art the little pet of thy mother.

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To my son

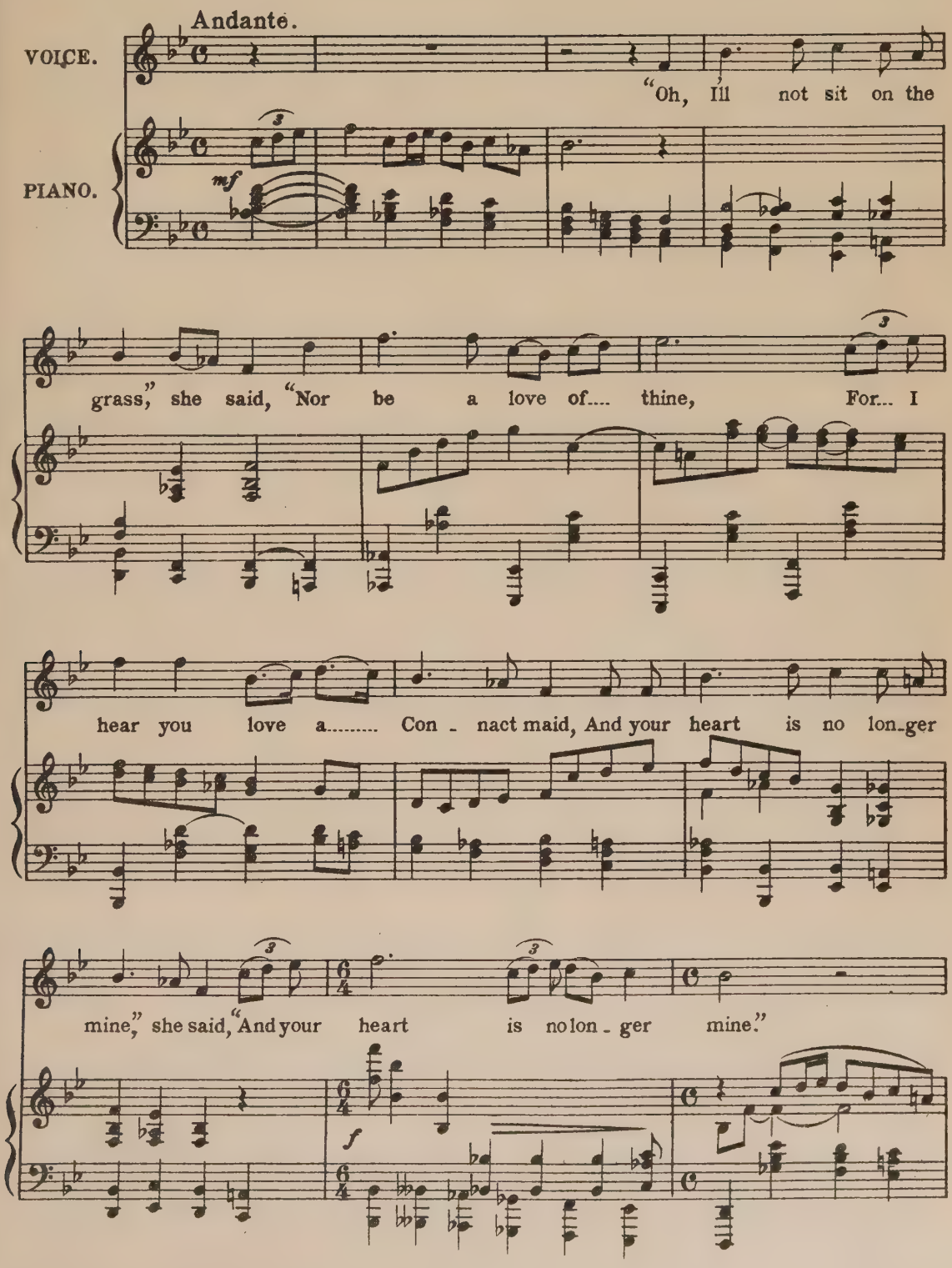
PATRICK CAIRNS HUGHES

I dedicate

This Volume of our National Melodies.

The verdant braes of Skreen.

From an old Ballad. COUNTY DERRY.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
"Oh, I'll not sit on the
grass," she said, "Nor be a love of.... thine, For... I
hear you love a..... Con - nact maid, And your heart is no lon-ger
mine," she said, "And your heart is no lon - ger mine."
f

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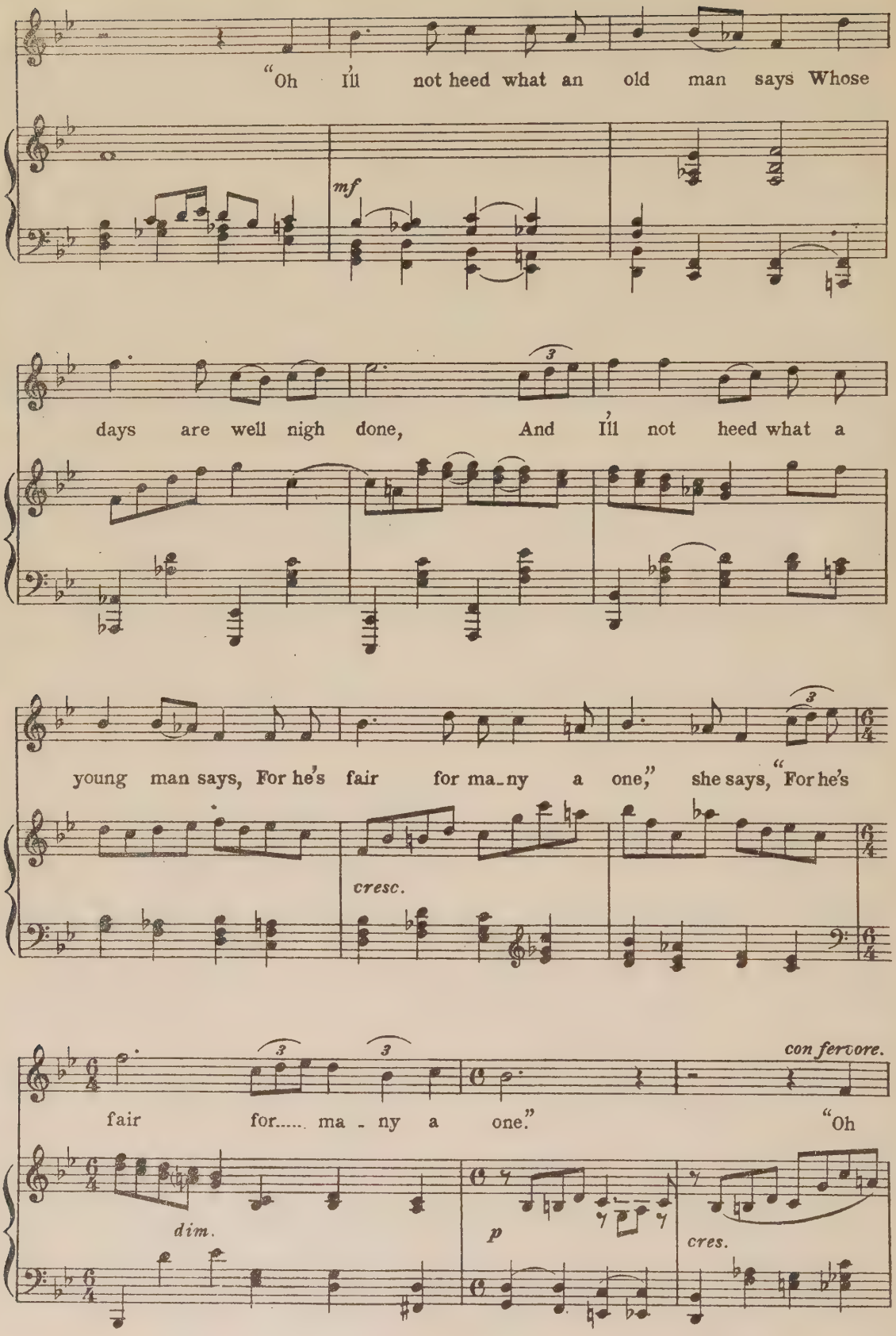
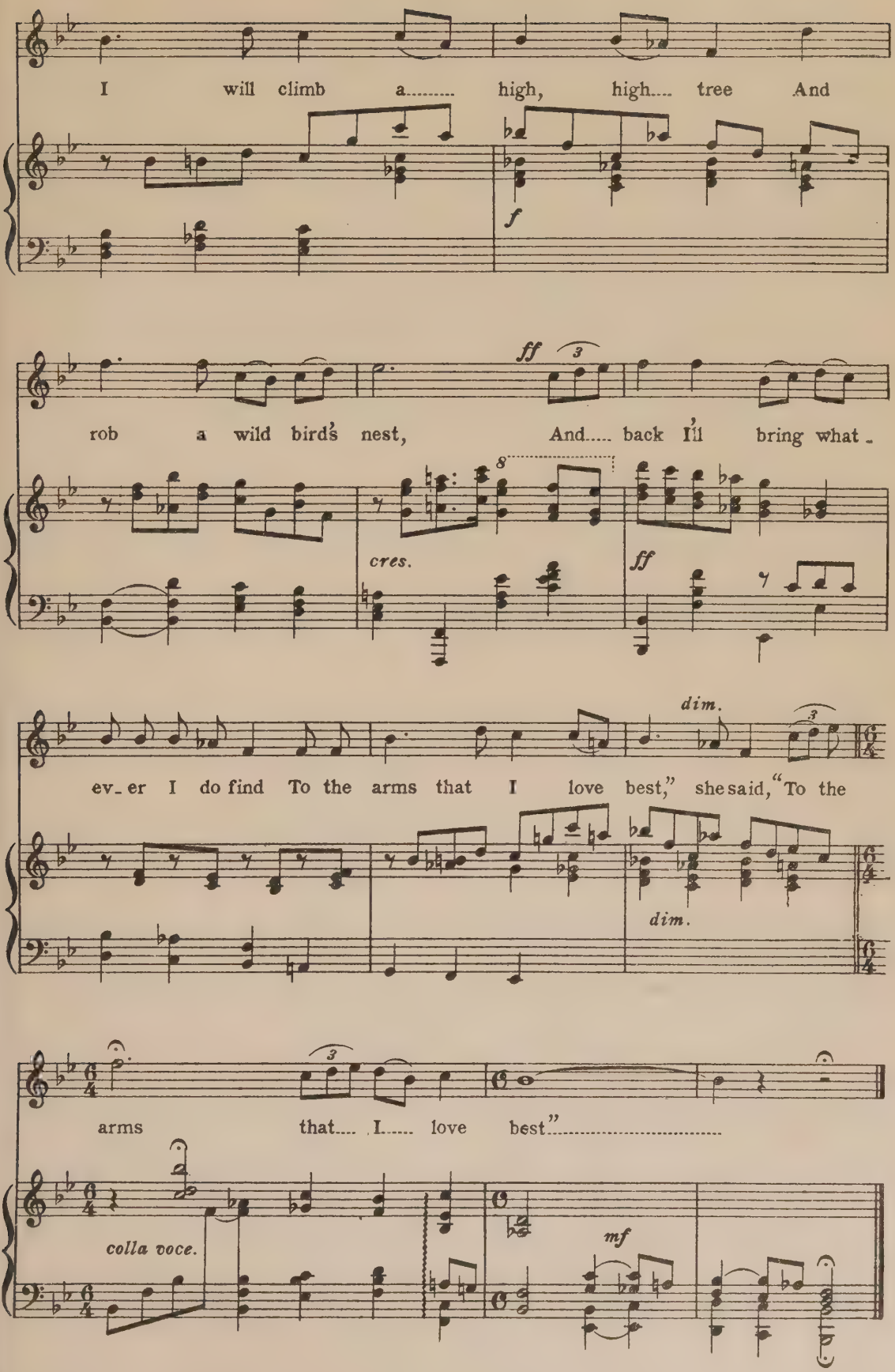
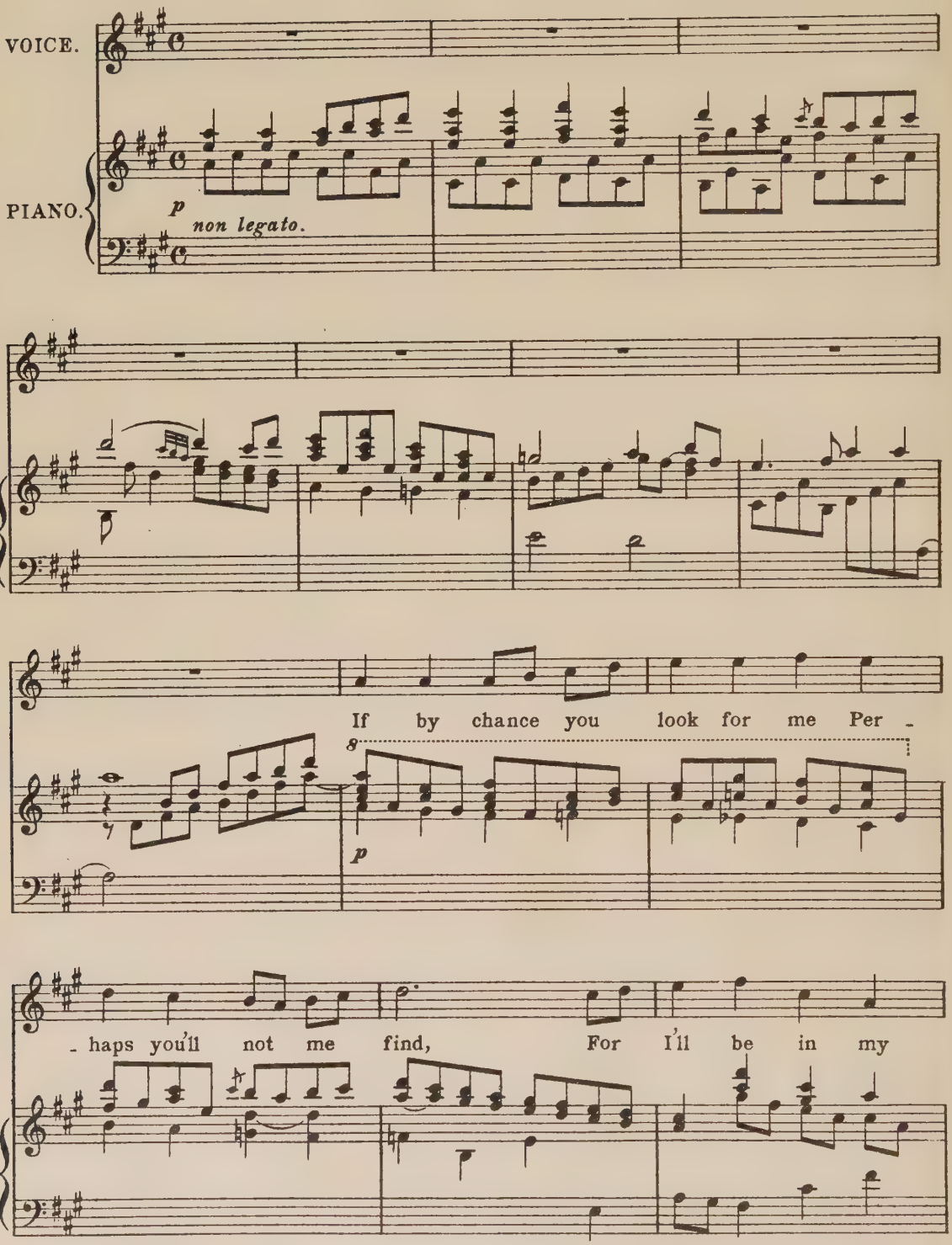

"Oh I'll not heed what an old man says Whose
mf
days are well nigh done, And I'll not heed what a
young man says, For he's fair for ma_ny a one," she says, "For he's
cresc.
con fervore.
fair for..... ma - ny a one." "Oh
dim.
p
cres.

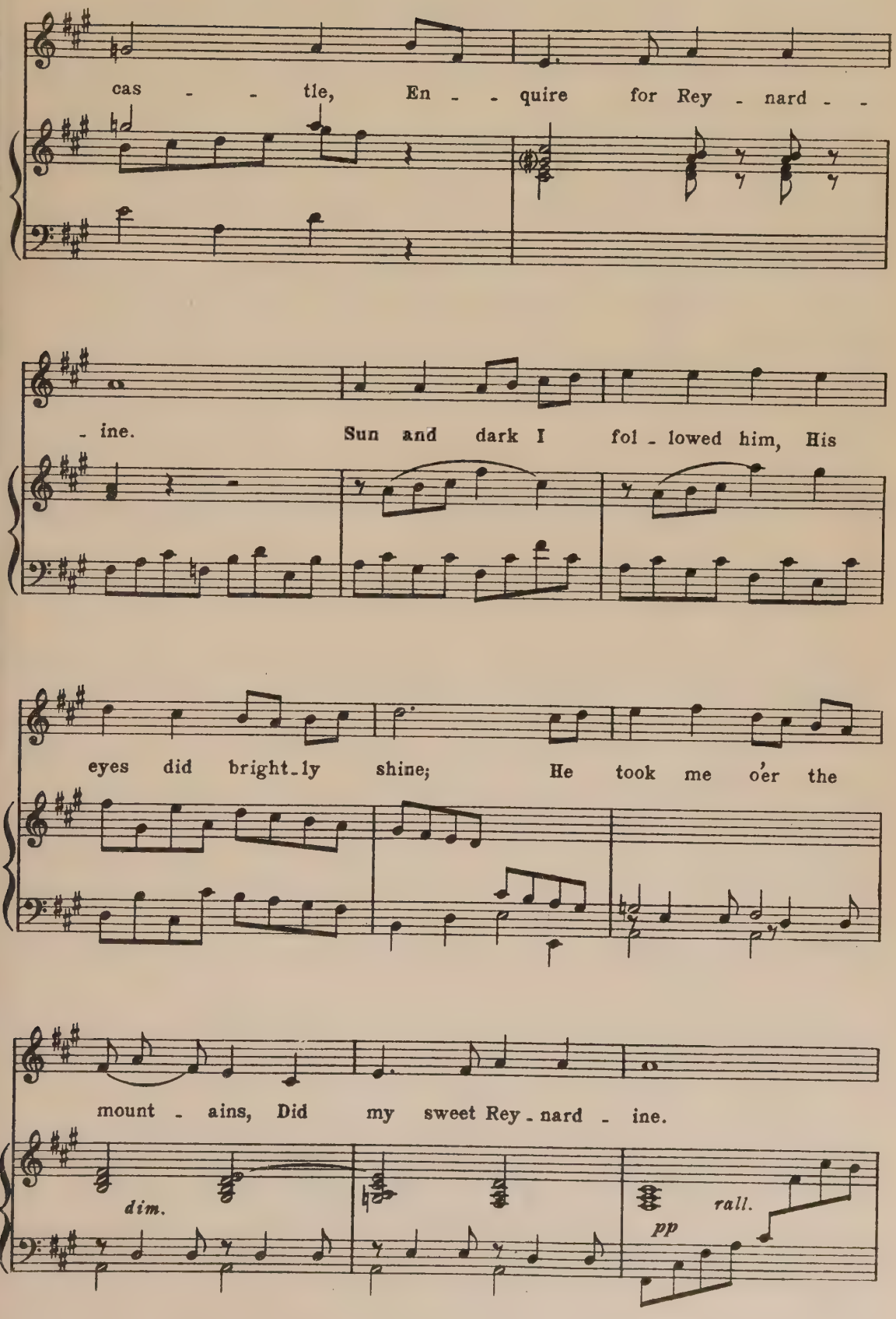

I will climb a..... high, high.... tree And
f
rob a wild bird's nest, And..... back I'll bring what -
ff
cres.
ff
dim.
ev-er I do find To the arms that I love best," she said, "To the
dim.
arms that.... I..... love best"
colla voce.
mf

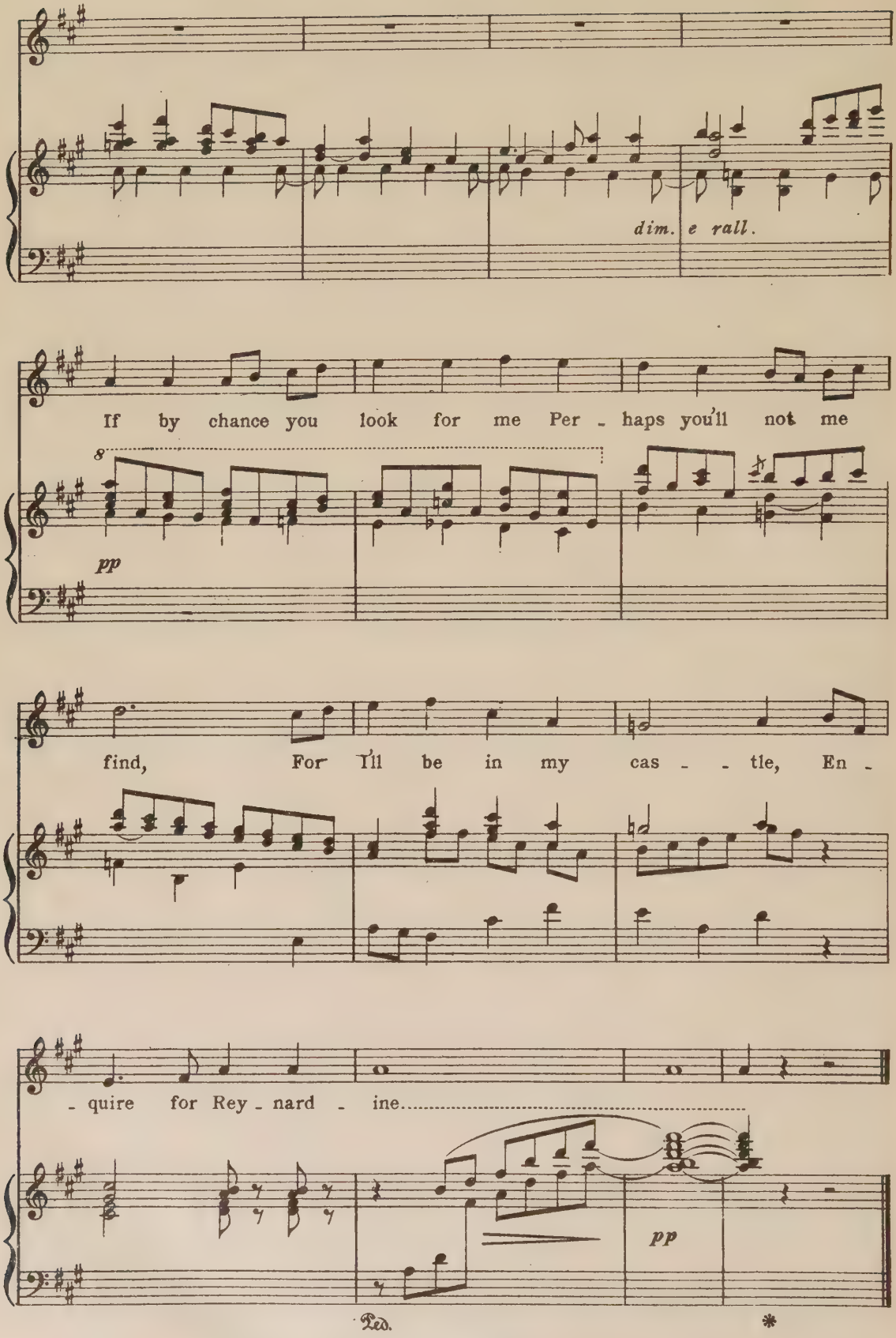
*Reynardine.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad. Donegal version.



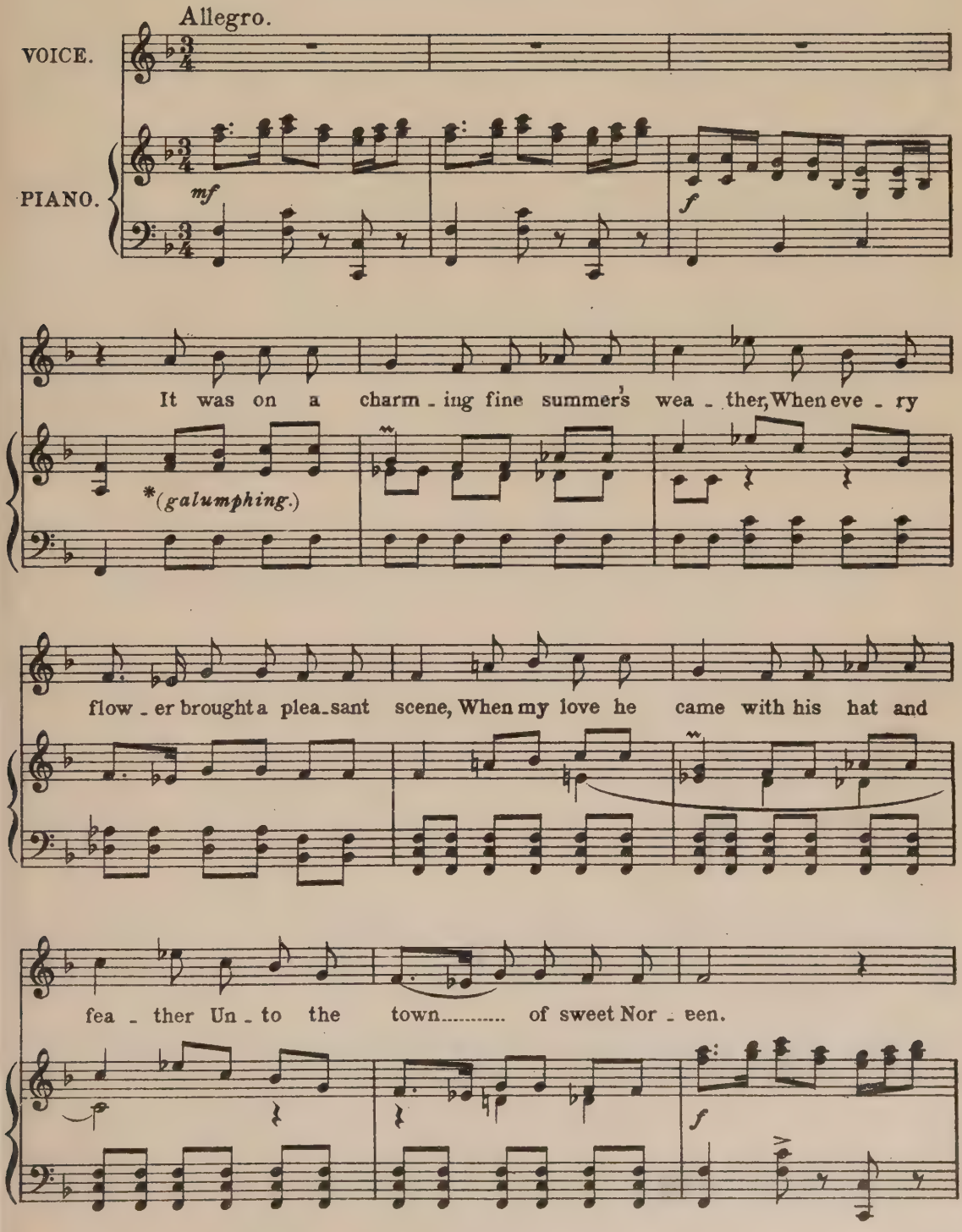
*In the locality where I obtained this fragment Reynardine is known as the name of a faery that changes into the shape of a fox.—Ed.


cas - - tle, En - - quire for Rey - nard - -
- ine. Sun and dark I fol - lowed him, His
eyes did bright - ly shine; He took me o'er the
mount - ains, Did my sweet Rey - nard - ine.
dim.
rall.
pp

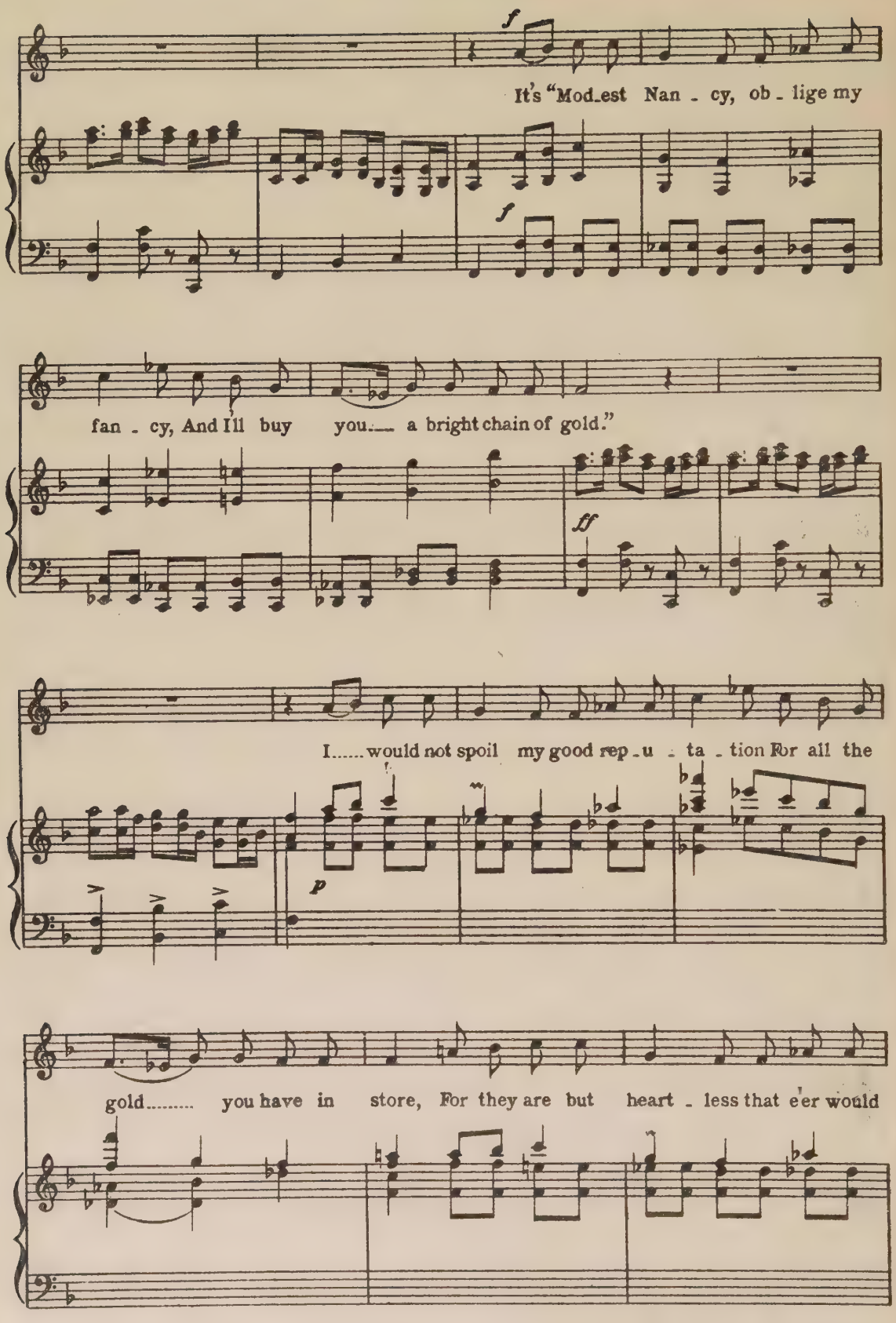

dim. e rall.
If by chance you look for me Per - haps you'll not me
8
pp
find, For I'll be in my cas - - tle, En -
- quire for Rey - nard - ine.
pp
Ped.
*

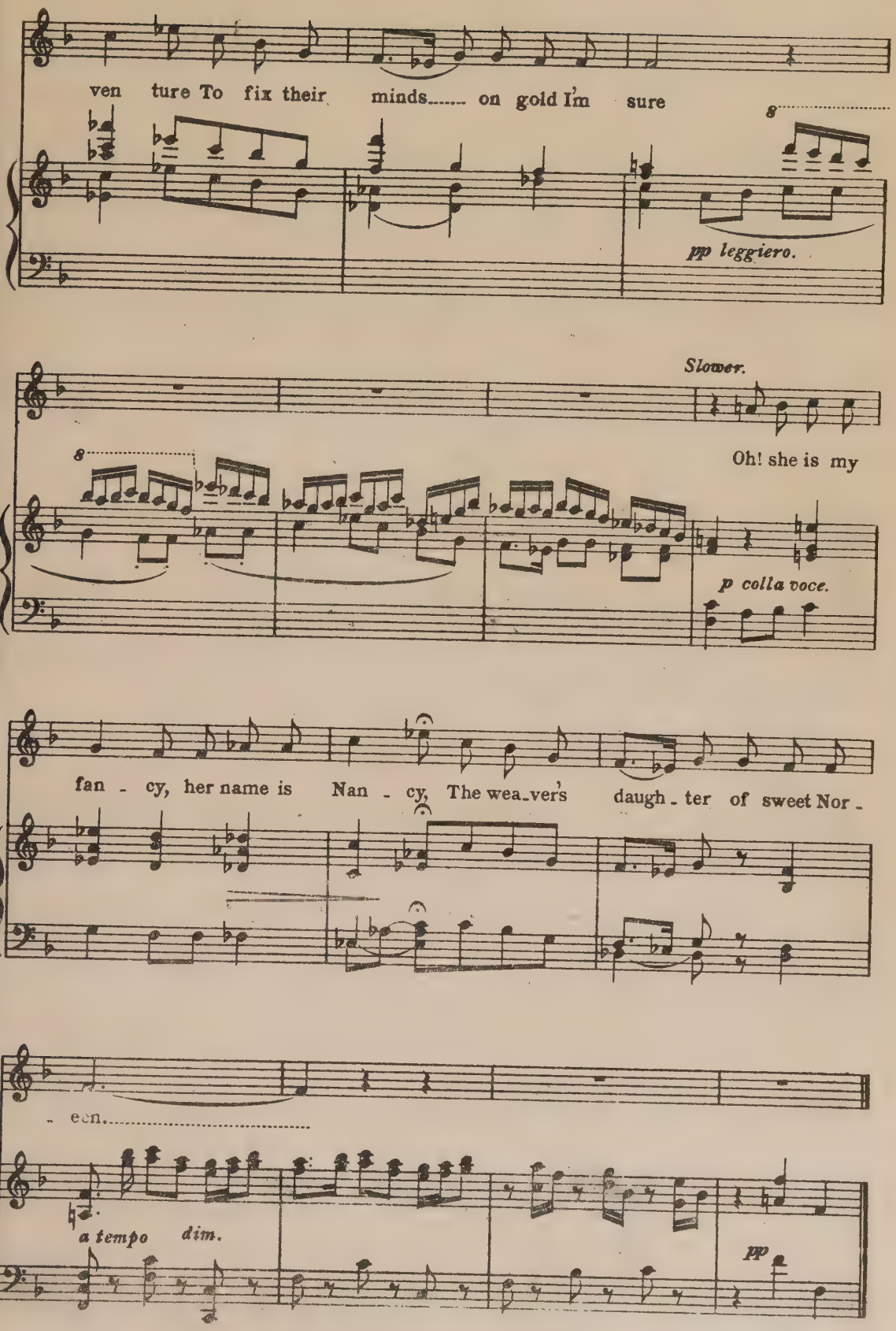
The Weaver's Daughter.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad. COUNTY DONEGAL.


Allegro.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
f
It was on a charm - ing fine summer's wea - ther, When eve - ry
*(galumphing.)
flow - er brought a plea - sant scene, When my love he came with his hat and
fea - ther Un - to the town..... of sweet Nor - een.
f

*An Ulsterism.

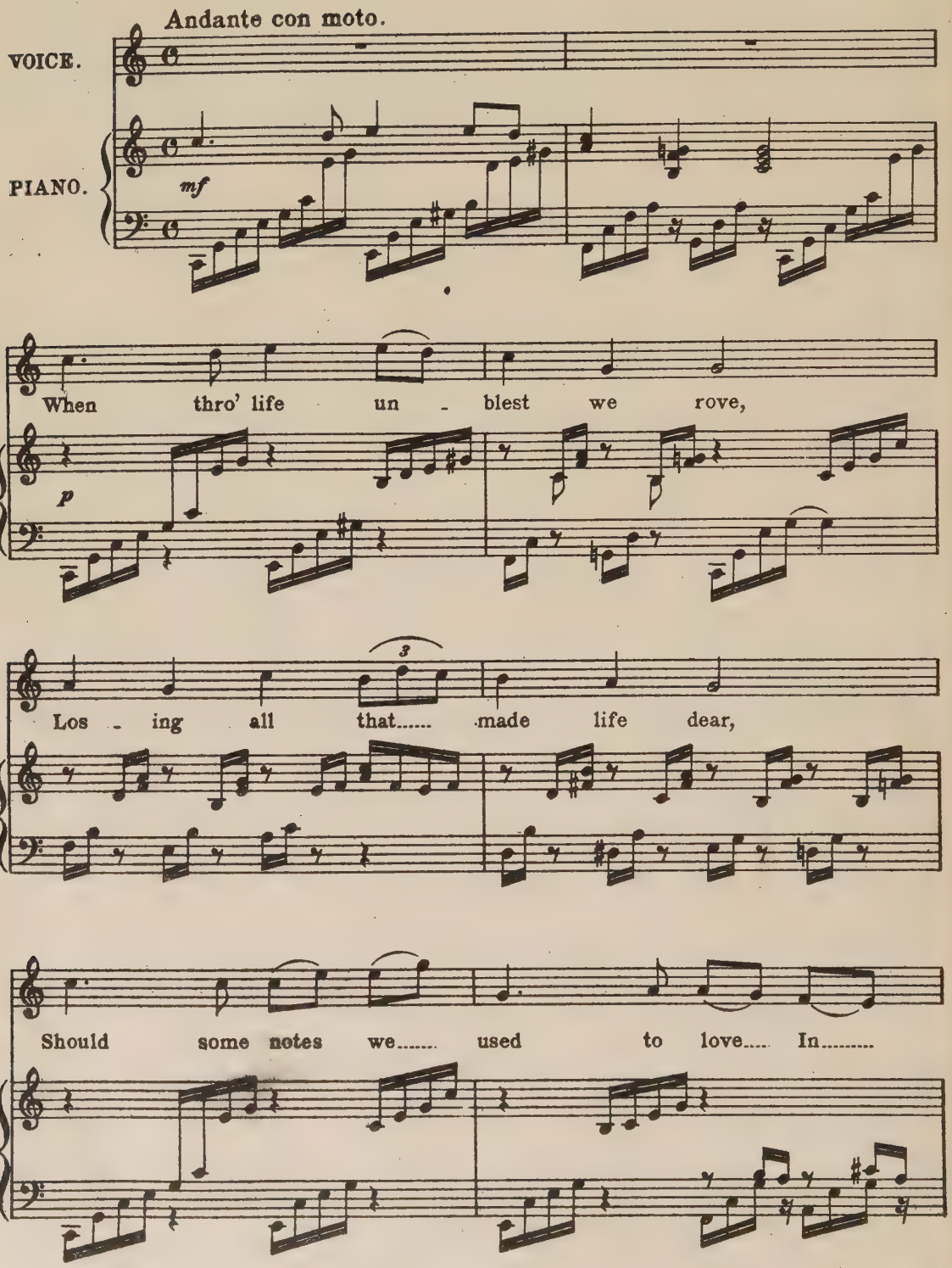

f
It's "Mod_est Nan _ cy, ob _ lige my
f
fan _ cy, And I'll buy you.__ a bright chain of gold."
ff
I.....would not spoil my good rep _u _ ta _ tion For all the
p
gold..... you have in store, For they are but heart _ less that e'er would

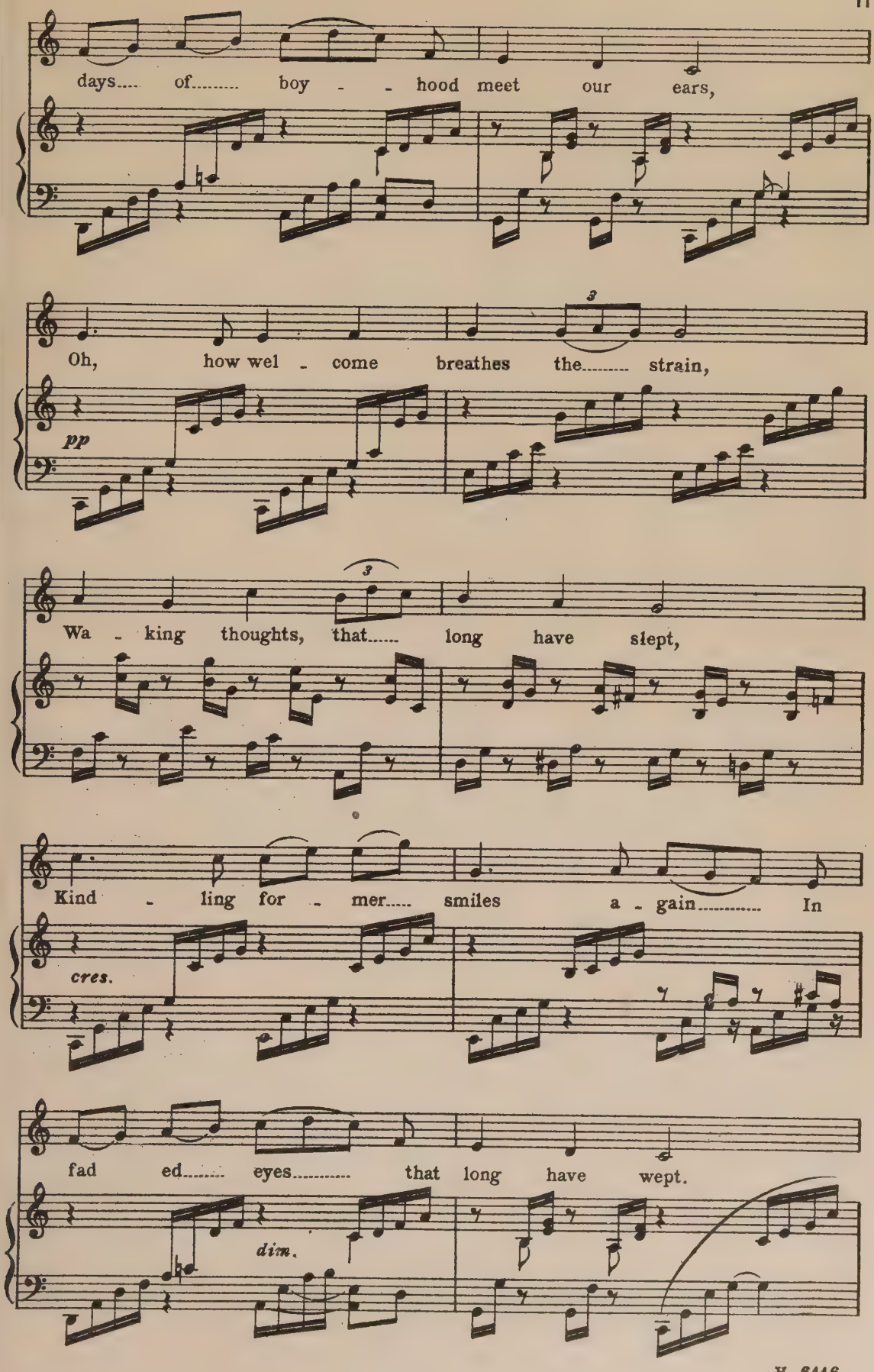

ven ture To fix their minds..... on gold I'm sure
8
pp leggiero.
Slower.
8
Oh! she is my
p colla voce.
fan - cy, her name is Nan - cy, The wea-ver's daugh - ter of sweet Nor -
- een.....
a tempo dim.
pp

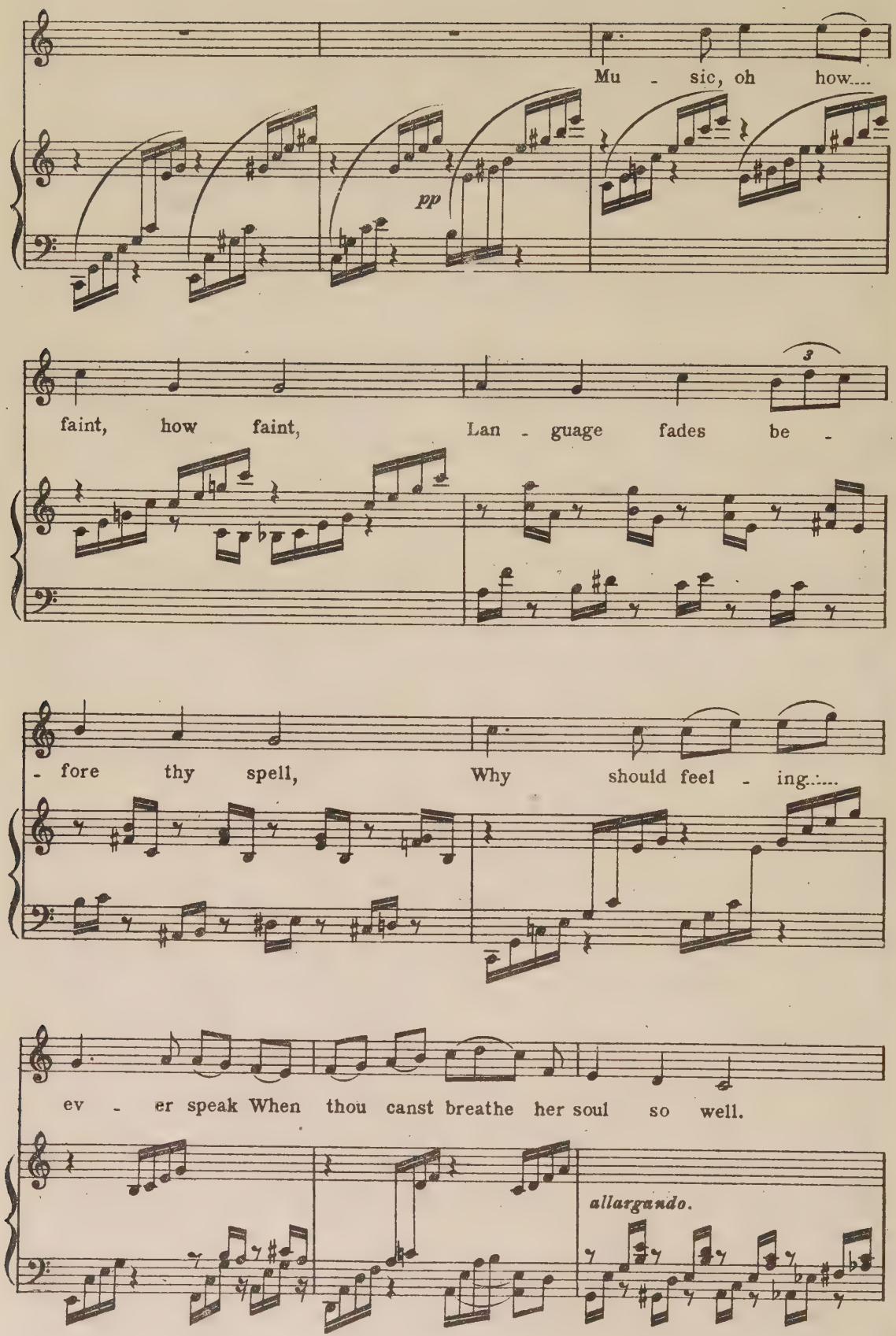
When thro' life unblest we rove.

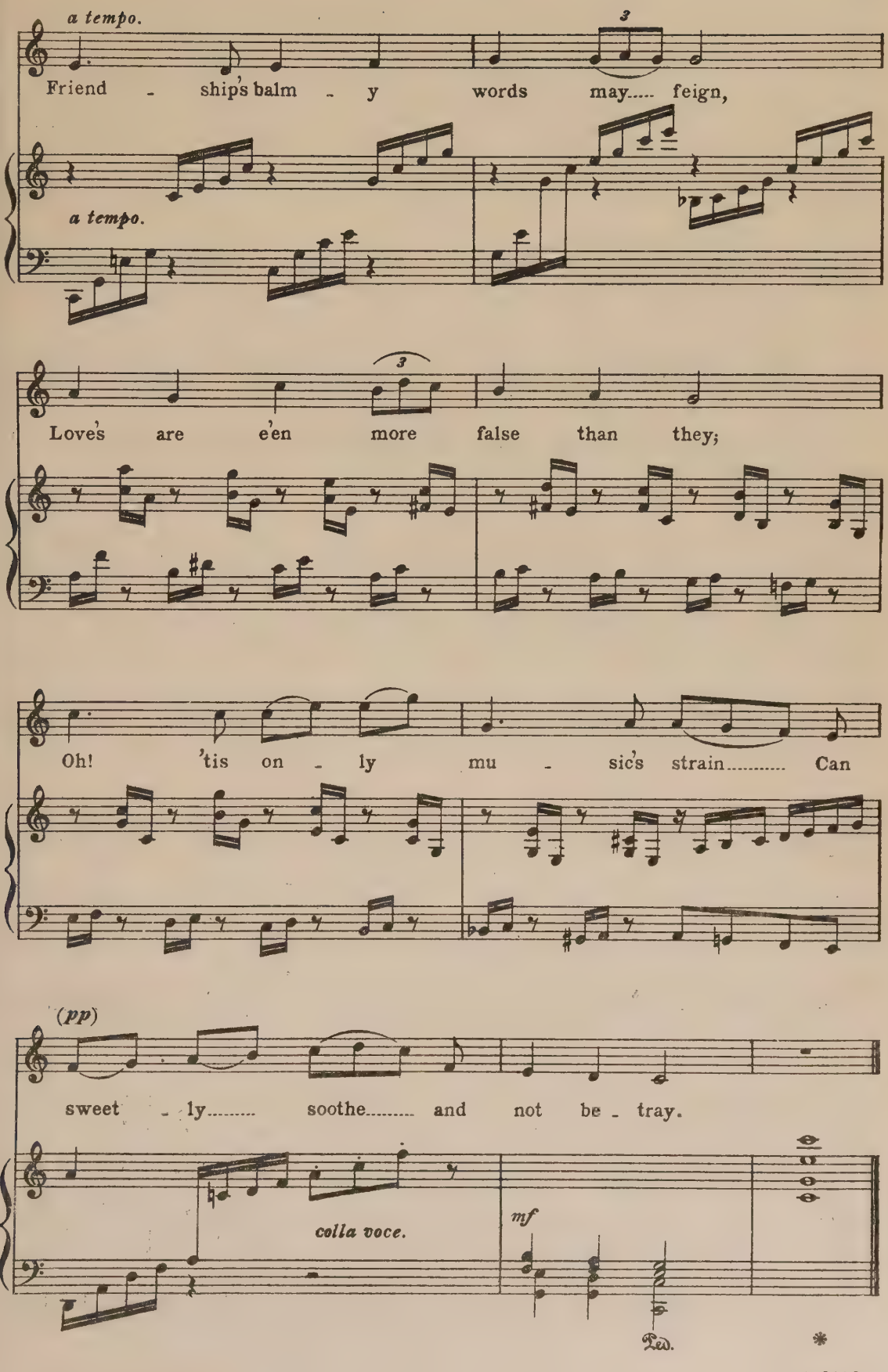
Words by
THOMAS MOORE

OLD AIR.



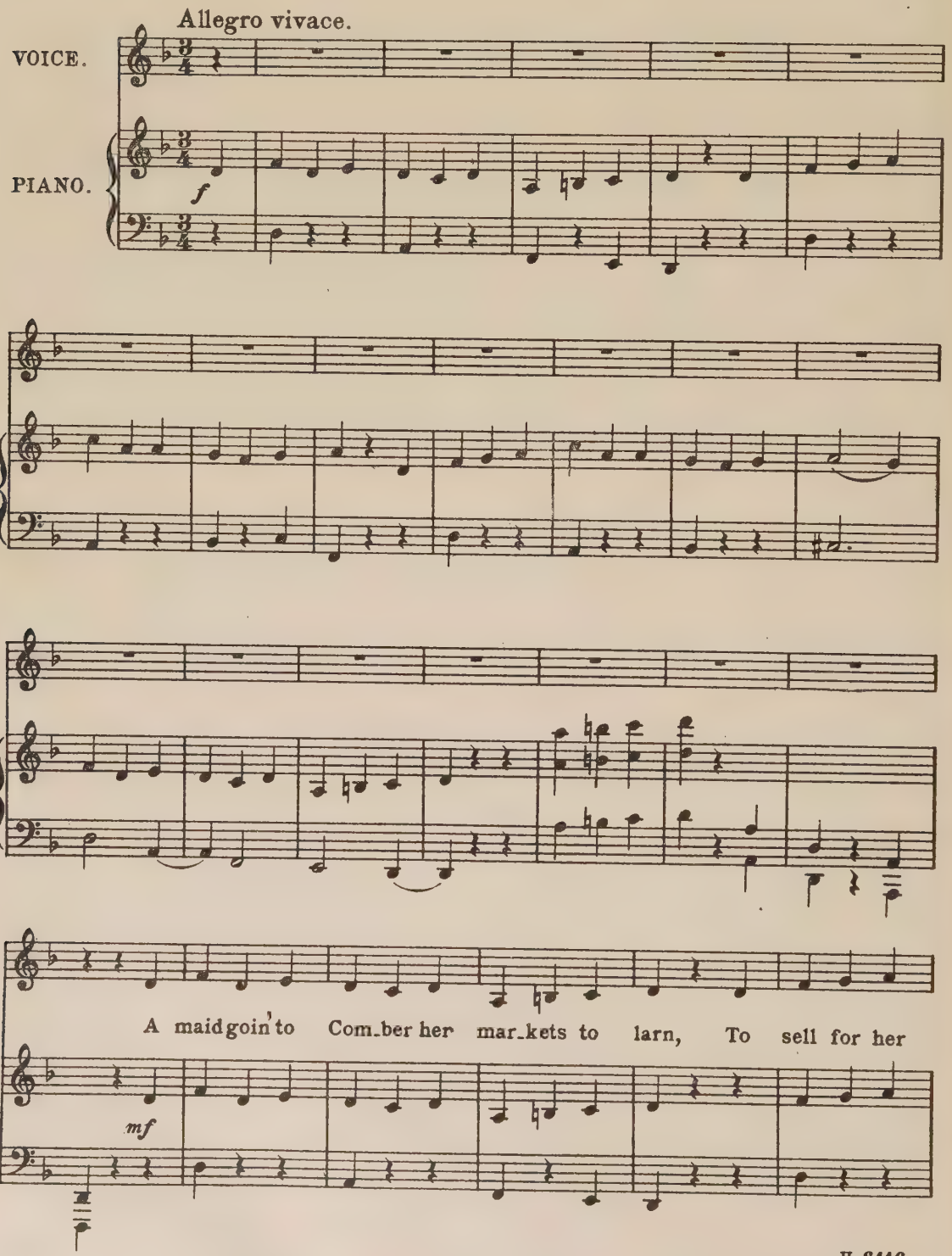

days.... of..... boy - - hood meet our ears,
Oh, how wel - come breathes the..... strain,
pp
Wa - king thoughts, that..... long have slept,
Kind - ling for - mer..... smiles a - gain..... In
cres.
fad ed..... eyes..... that long have wept.
dim.

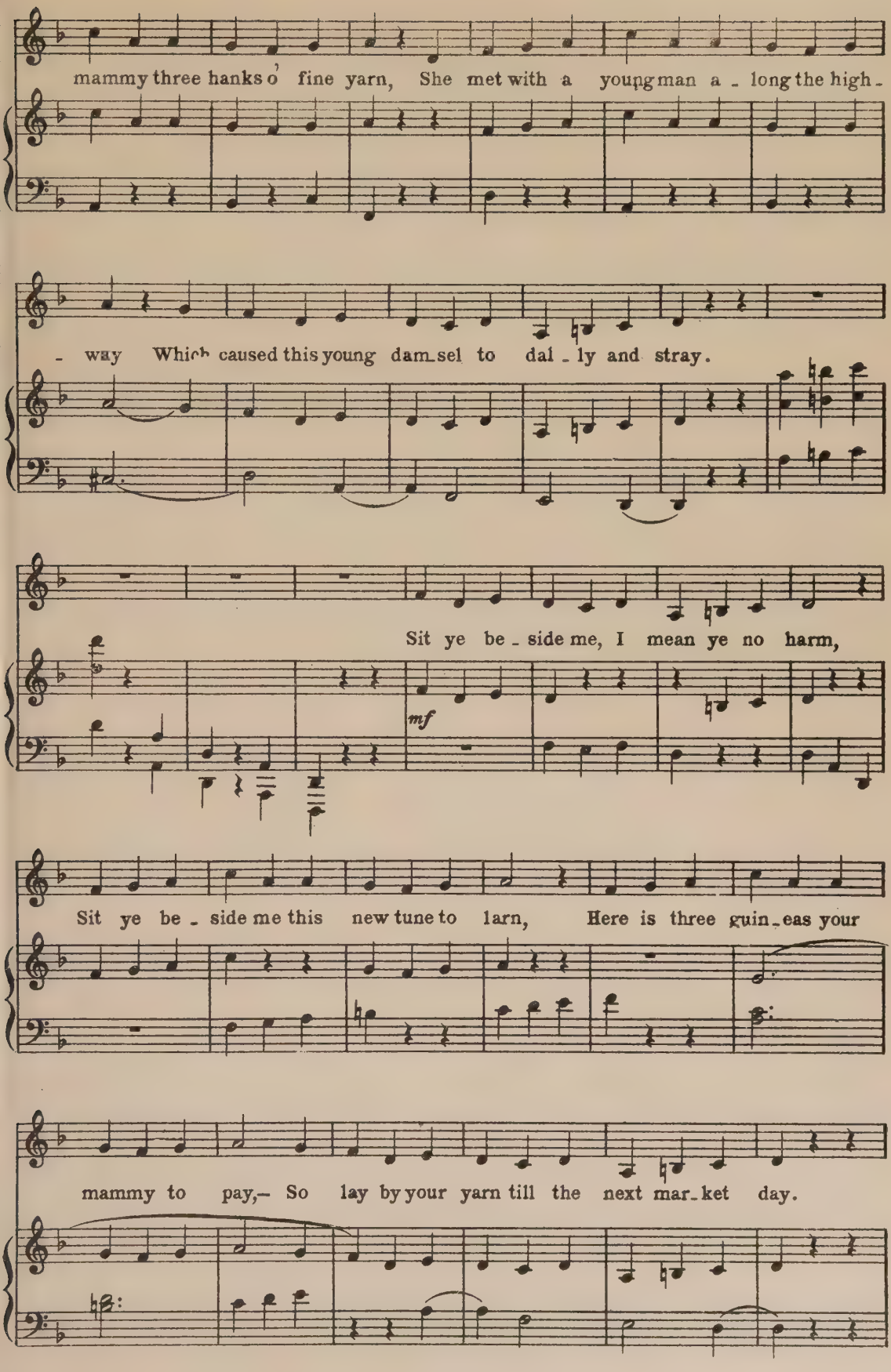

Mu - sic, oh how....
pp
faint, how faint, Lan - guage fades be -
3
- fore thy spell, Why should feel - ing.....
ev - er speak When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
allargando.

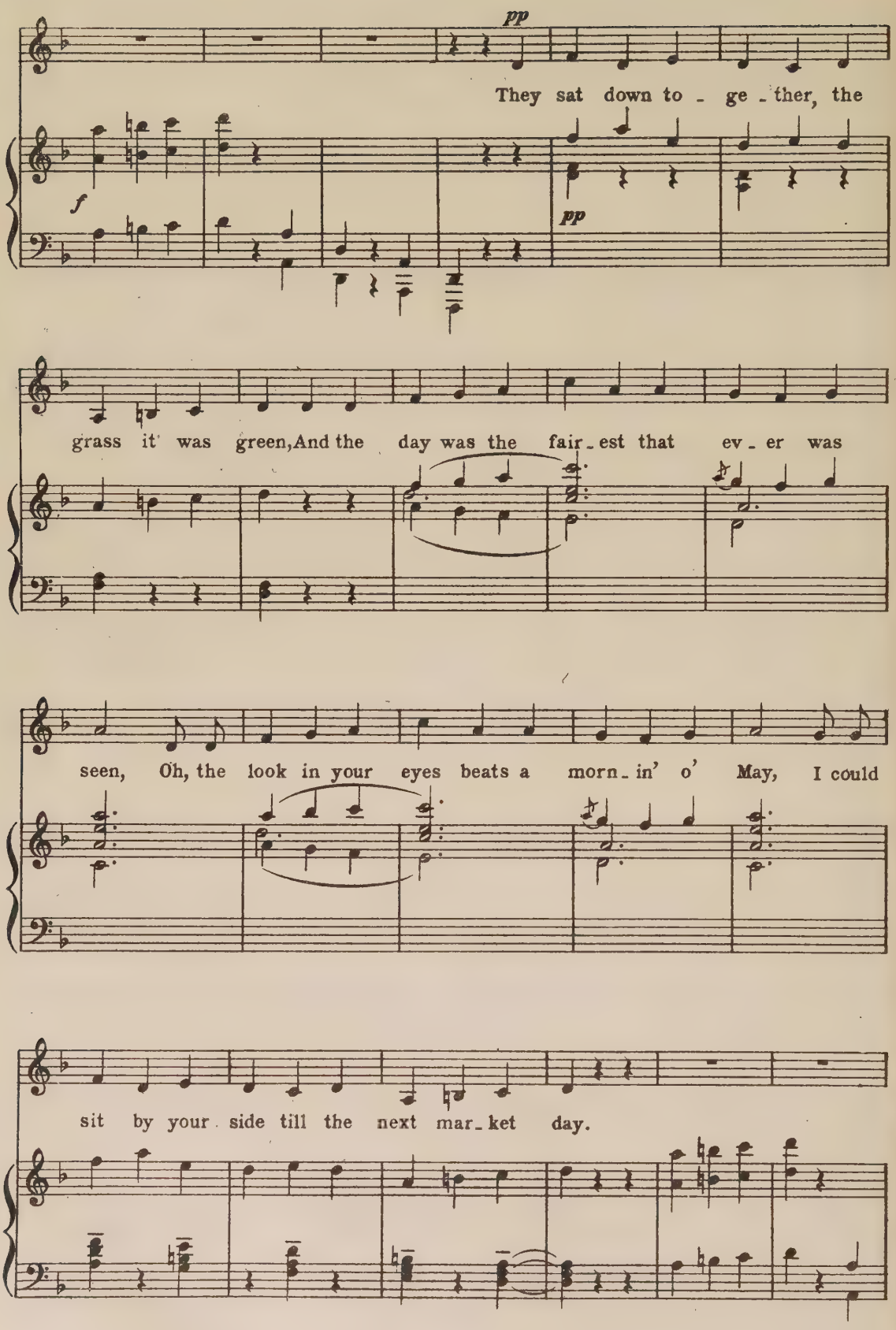

a tempo.
Friend - ship's balm - y words may..... feign,
a tempo.
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain..... Can
(pp)
sweet - ly..... soothe..... and not be - tray.
colla voce.
mf
Ped.
*

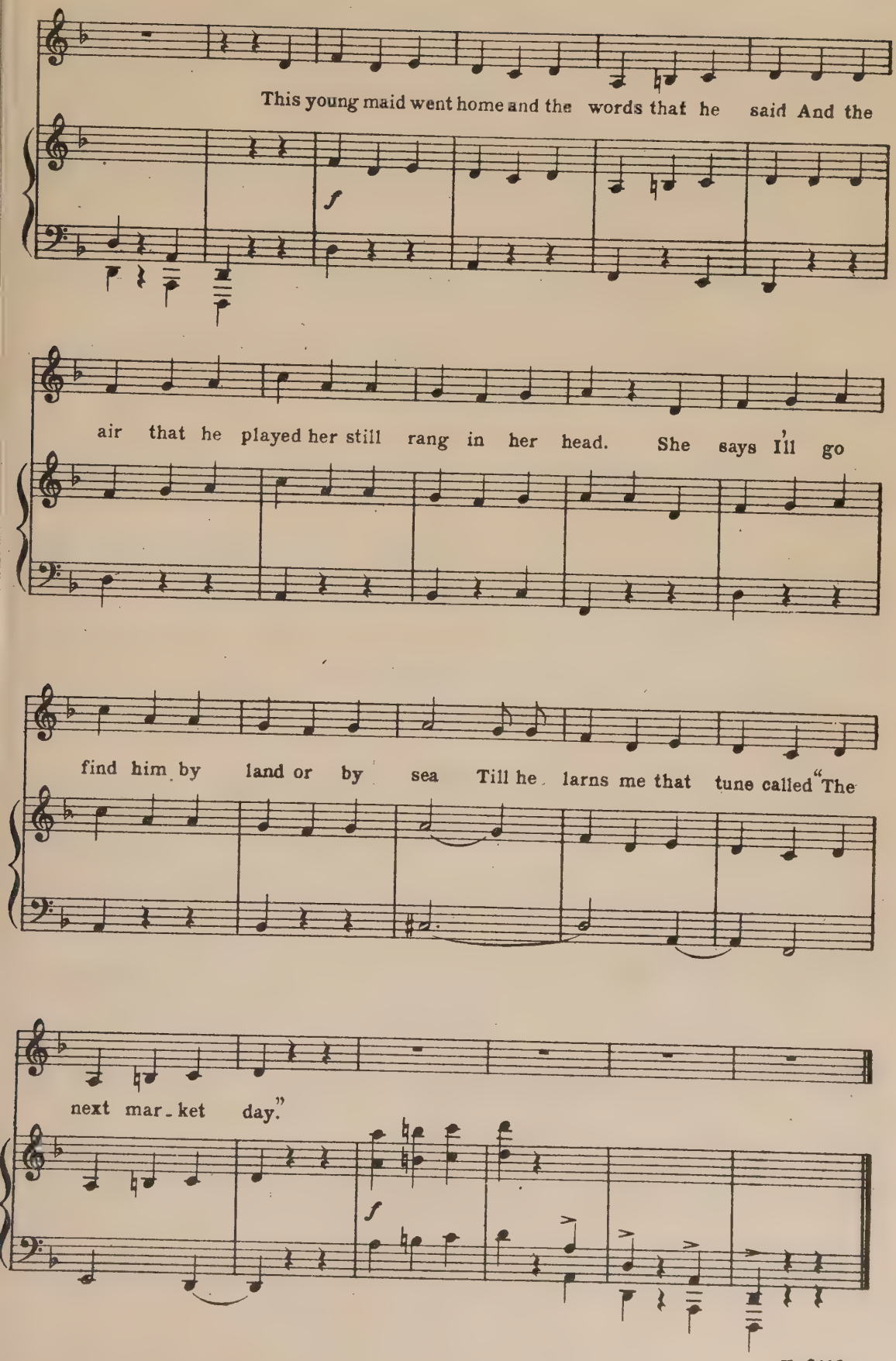
The next market day.

Fragment of Tyrone Ballad, adapted. ULSTER MELODY.




mammy three hanks o' fine yarn, She met with a young man a - long the high -
- way Which caused this young dam - sel to dal - ly and stray.
Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm,
mf
Sit ye be - side me this new tune to larn, Here is three guin - eas your
mammy to pay,— So lay by your yarn till the next mar - ket day.

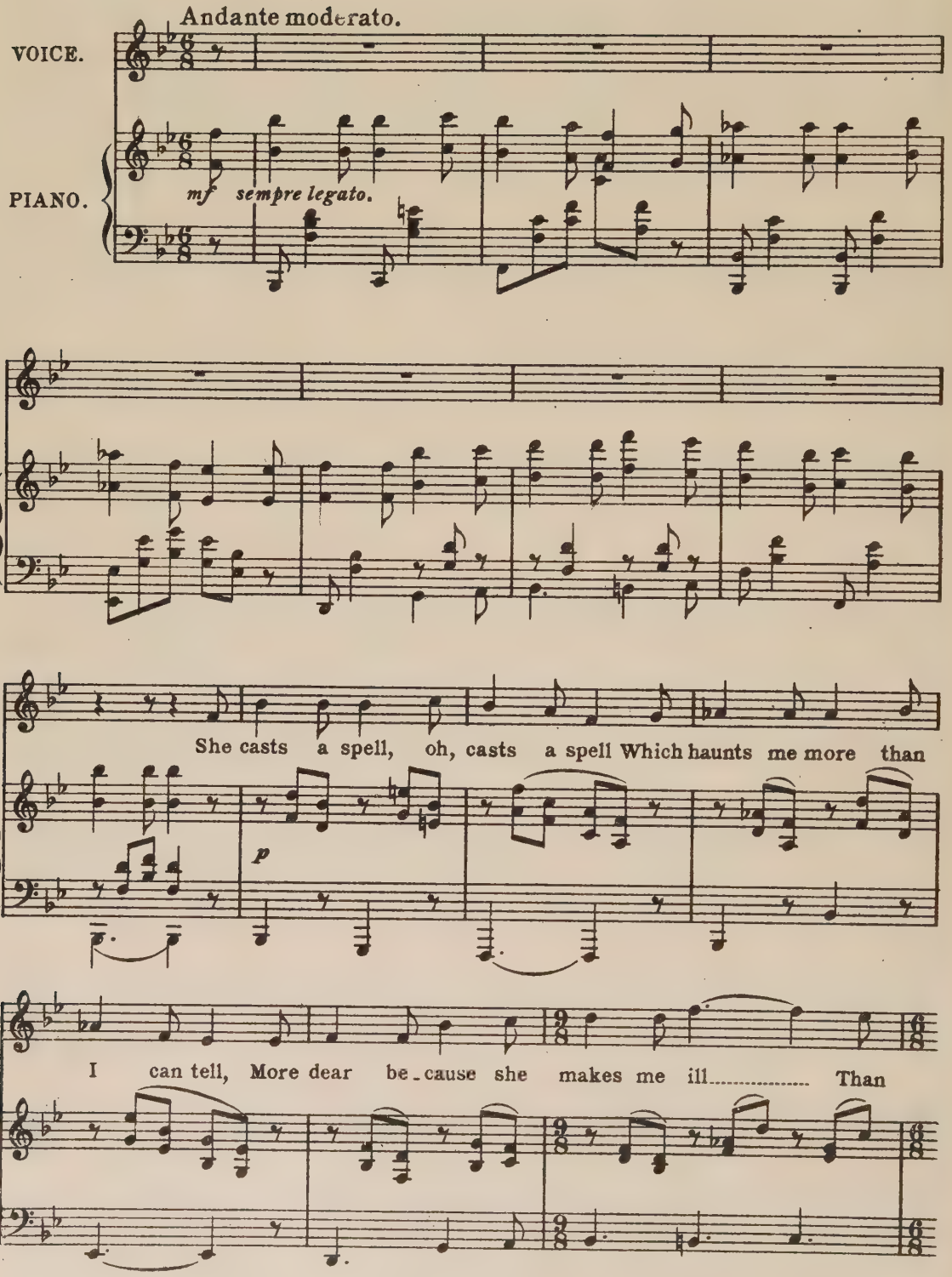

pp
They sat down to - ge - ther, the
f
pp
grass it was green, And the day was the fair - est that ev - er was
seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could
sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.

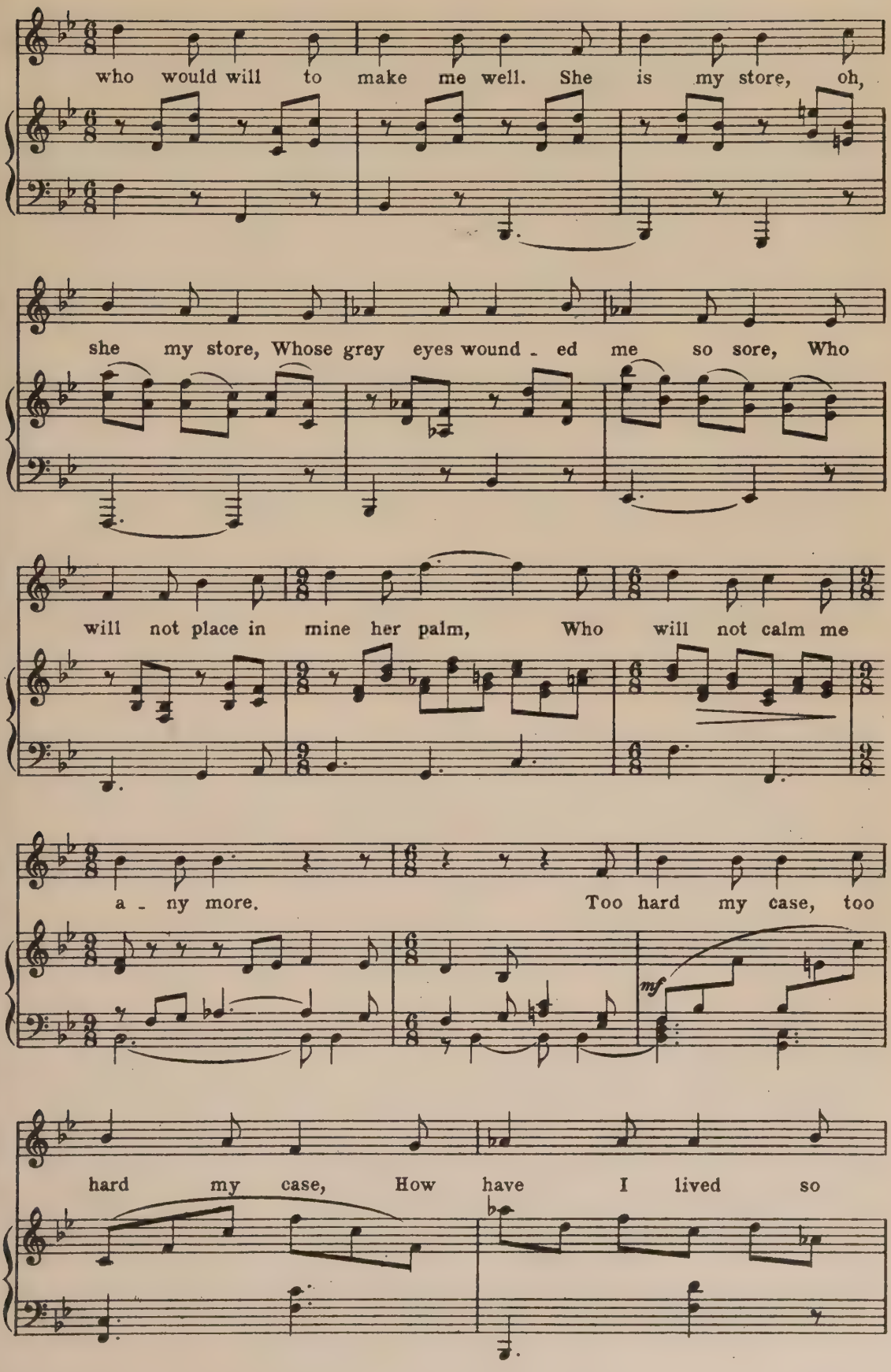

This young maid went home and the words that he said And the
air that he played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go
find him by land or by sea Till he larns me that tune called "The
next mar-ket day."

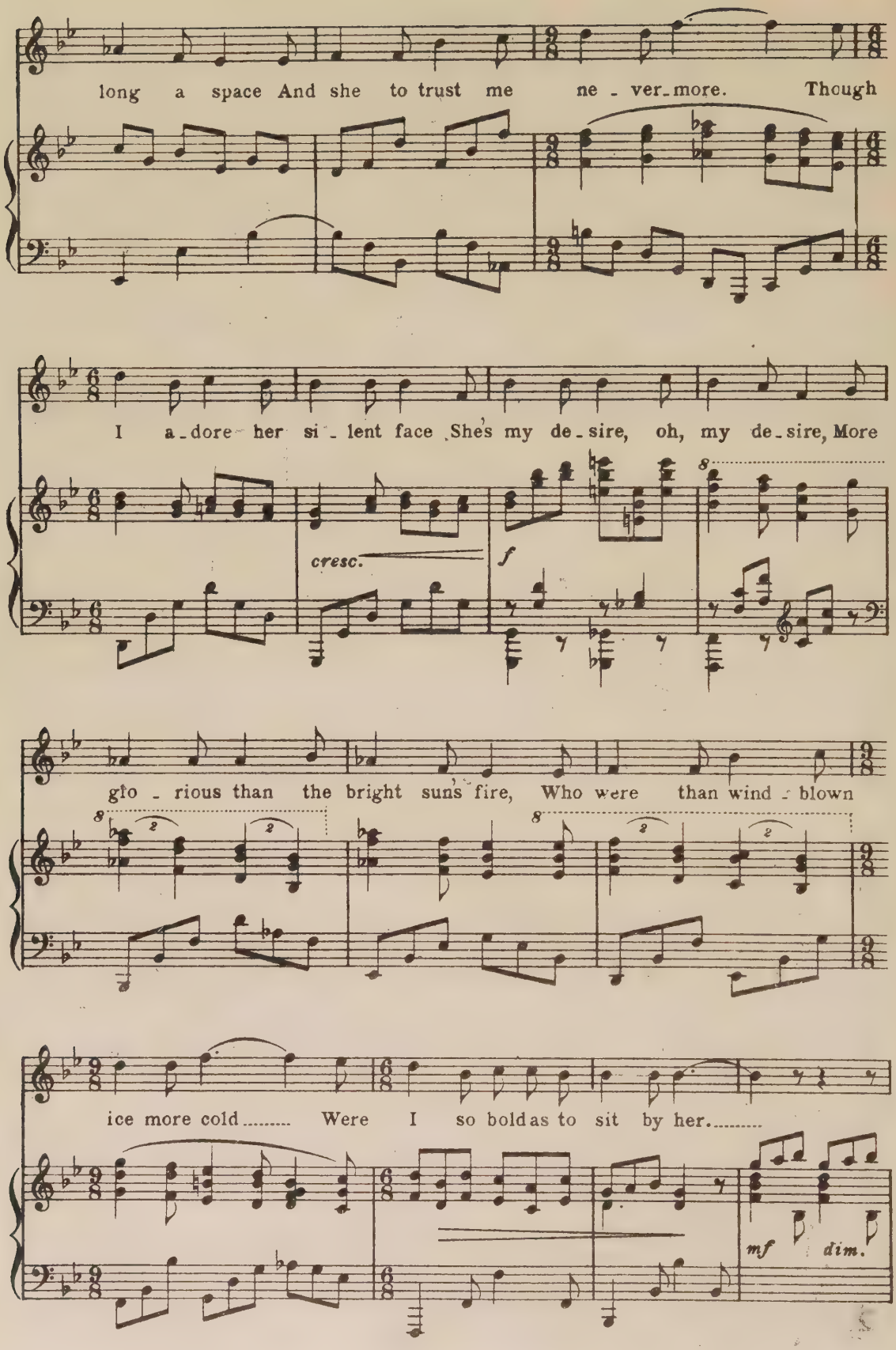
My love, oh, she is my love.

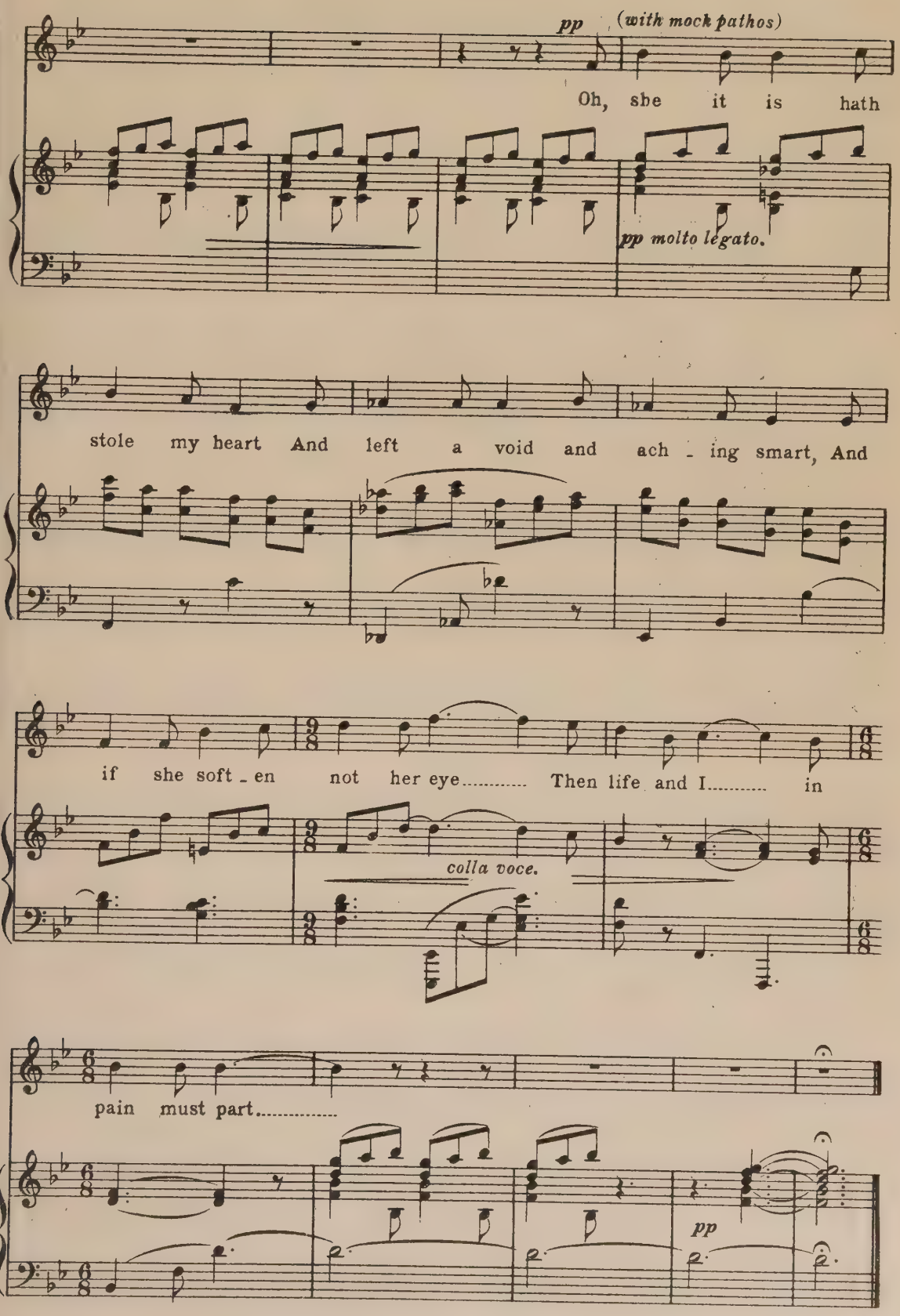
Words by
DOUGLAS HYDE.
(From the Irish.)

SOUTH IRISH.


Andante moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf sempre legato.
She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell Which haunts me more than
p
I can tell, More dear be-cause she makes me ill..... Than

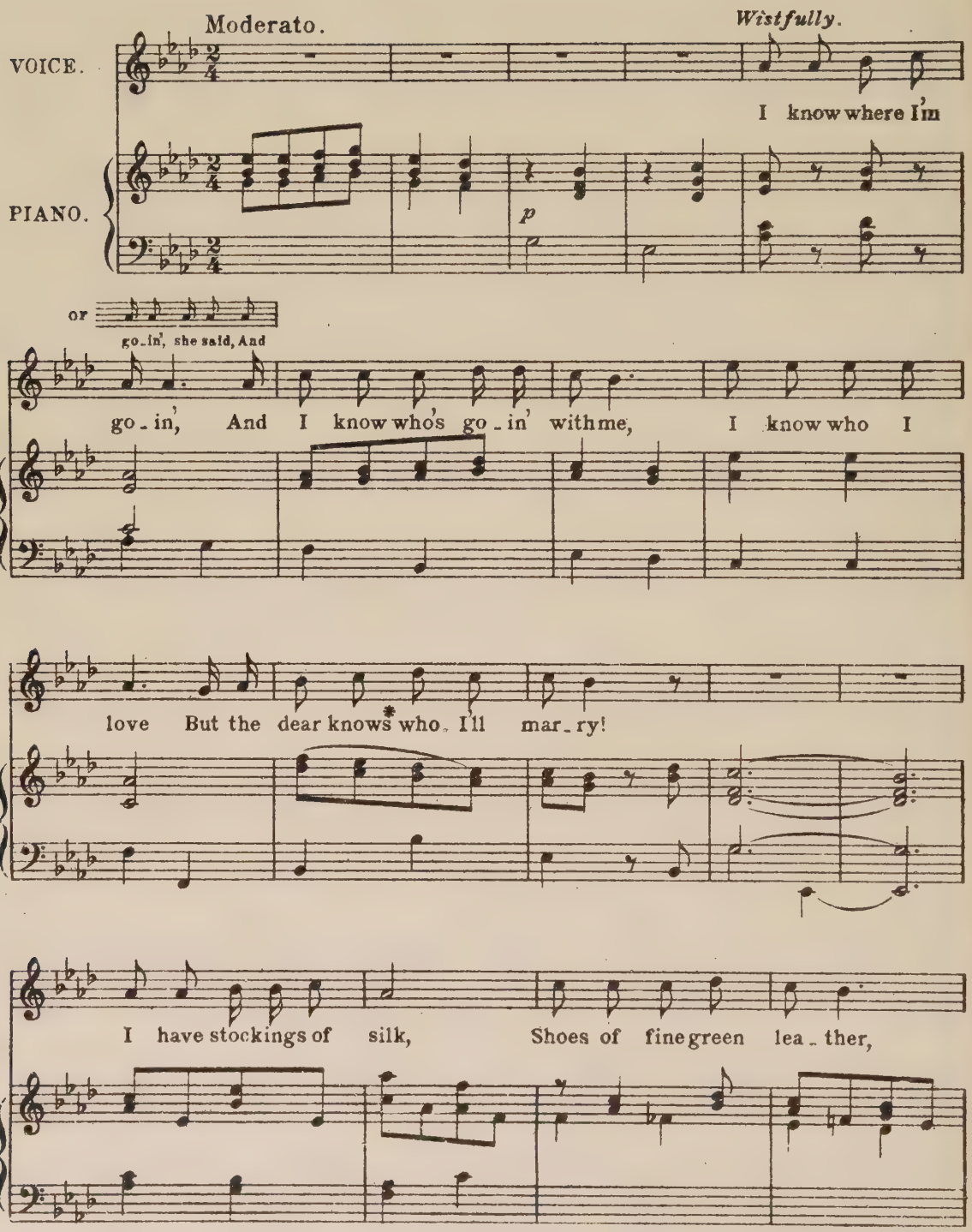

who would will to make me well. She is my store, oh,
she my store, Whose grey eyes wound - ed me so sore, Who
will not place in mine her palm, Who will not calm me
a - ny more. Too hard my case, too
mf
hard my case, How have I lived so


long a space And she to trust me ne - ver more. Though
I a - dore her si - lent face She's my de - sire, oh, my de - sire, More
cresc.
f
8
glo - rious than the bright suns fire, Who were than wind - blown
8
8
ice more cold..... Were I so bold as to sit by her.....
mf
dim.

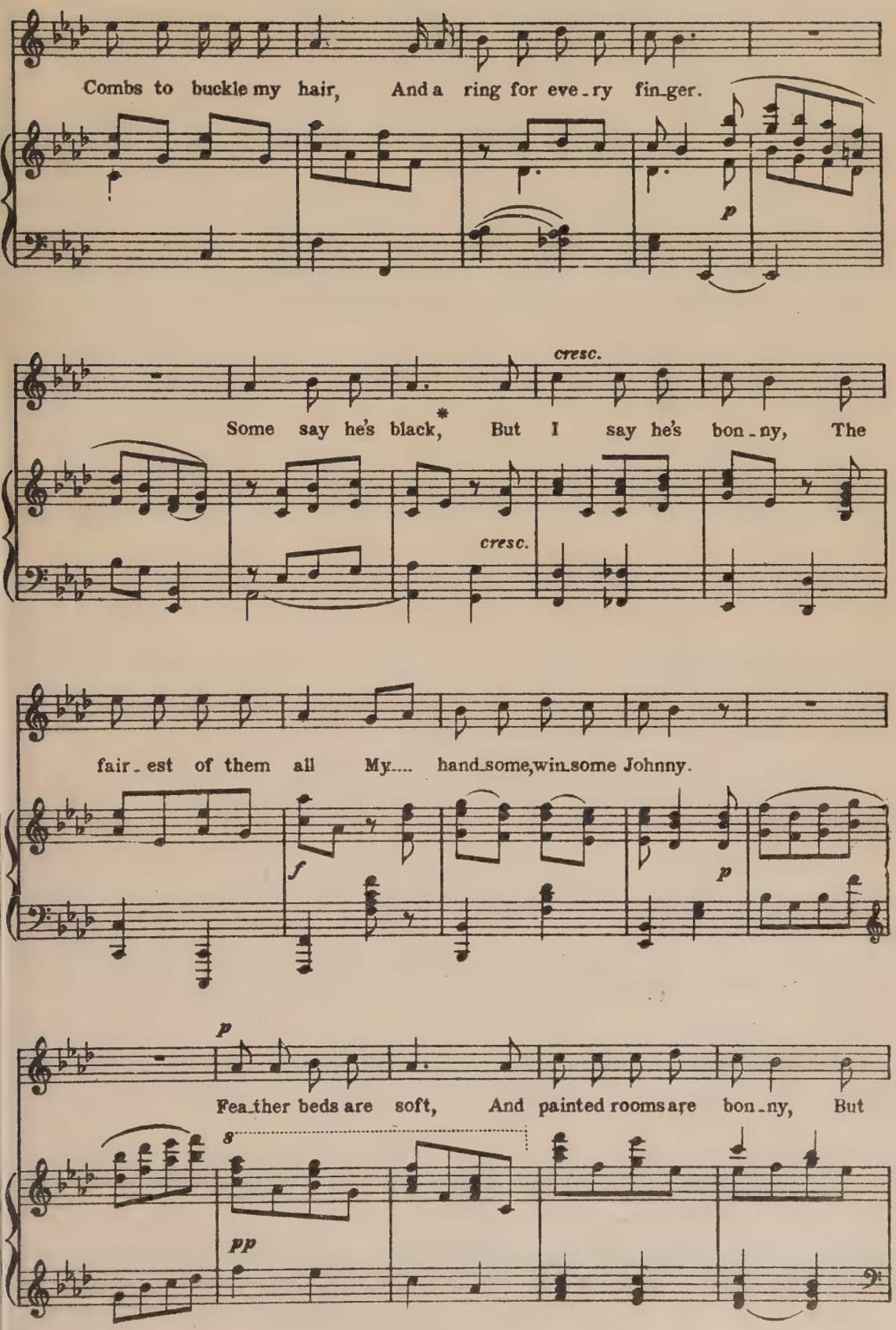

pp
(with mock pathos)
Oh, she it is hath
pp molto legato.
stole my heart And left a void and ach - ing smart, And
if she soft - en not her eye..... Then life and I..... in
colla voce.
pain must part.....
pp

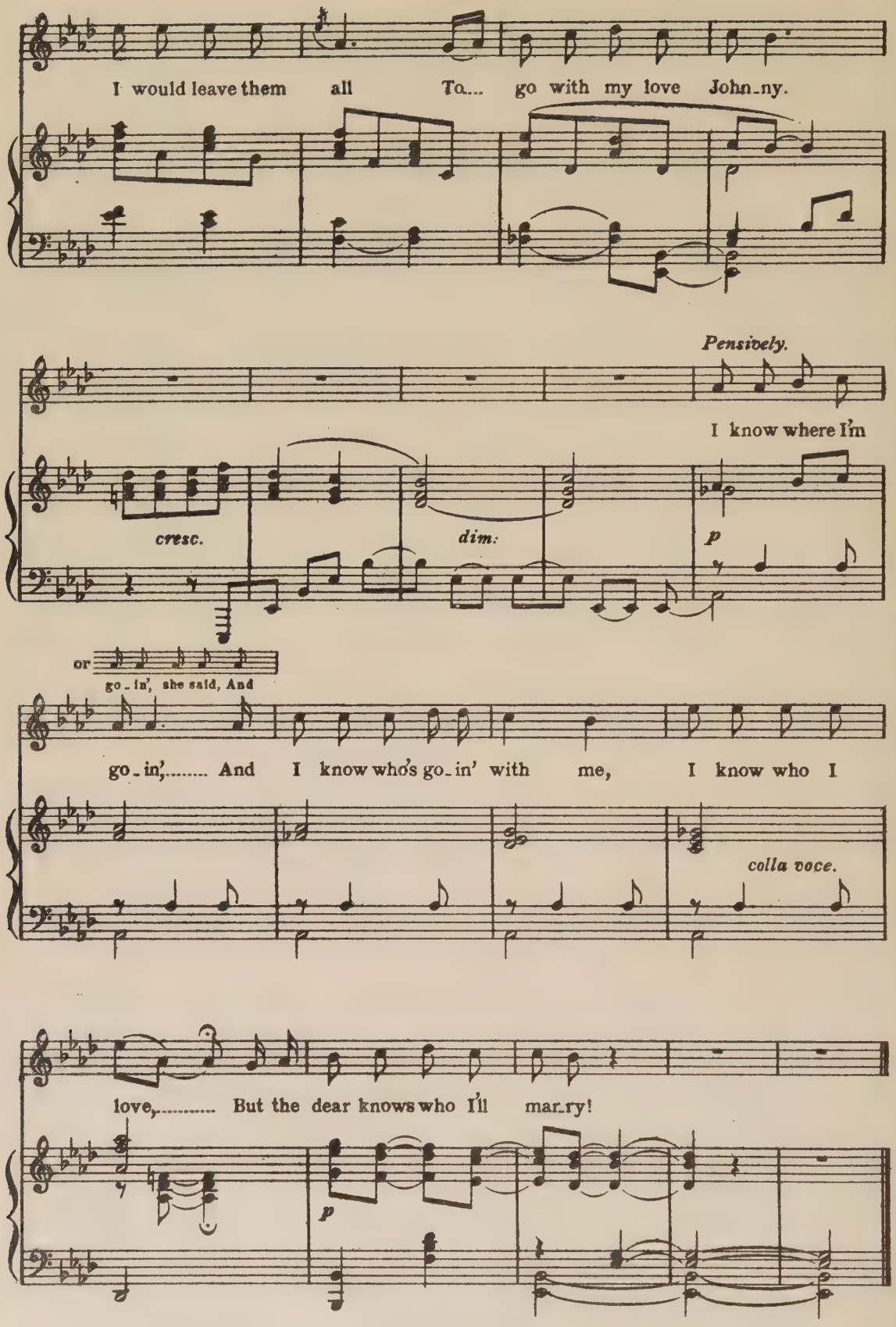
I know where I'm goin'.

OLD SONG. COUNTY ANTRIM.


Moderato.
Wistfully.
VOICE.
PIANO.
I know where I'm
p
or
go-in', she said, And
go-in', And I know who's go-in' with me, I know who I
love But the dear knows* who I'll mar-ry!
I have stockings of silk, Shoes of fine green lea-ther,

*Dear knows: the Ulster equivalent of "Goodness knows."

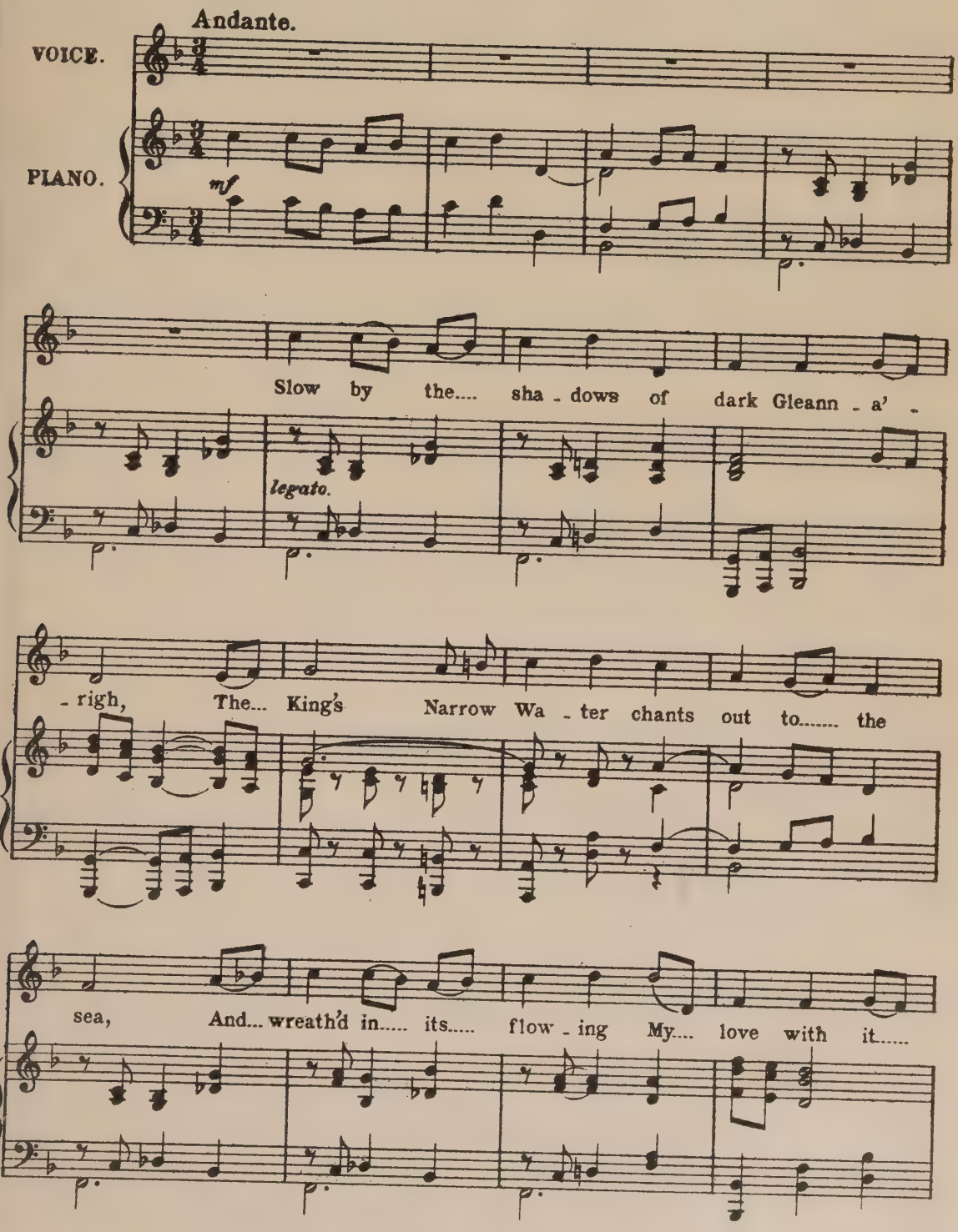

Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for eve-ry fin-ger.
p
cresc.
Some say he's black,* But I say he's bon-ny, The
cresc.
fair-est of them all My.... hand-some, win-some Johnny.
f
p
p
Fea-ther beds are soft, And painted rooms are bon-ny, But
8
pp

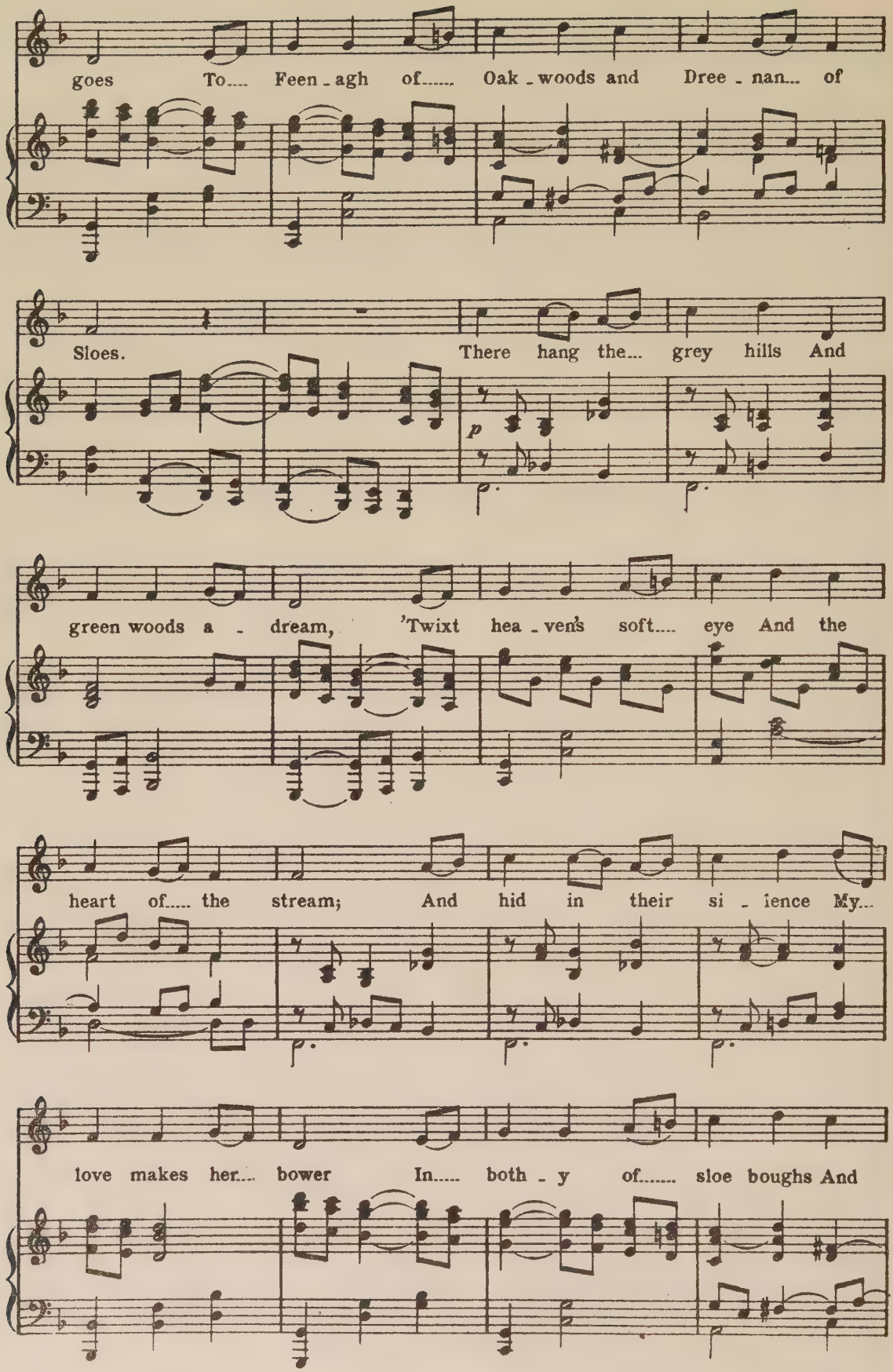

I would leave them all To.... go with my love John_ny.
Pensively.
I know where I'm
cresc.
dim.
p
or
go_in', she said, And
go_in',..... And I know who's go_in' with me, I know who I
colla voce.
love,..... But the dear knows who I'll mar_ry!
p

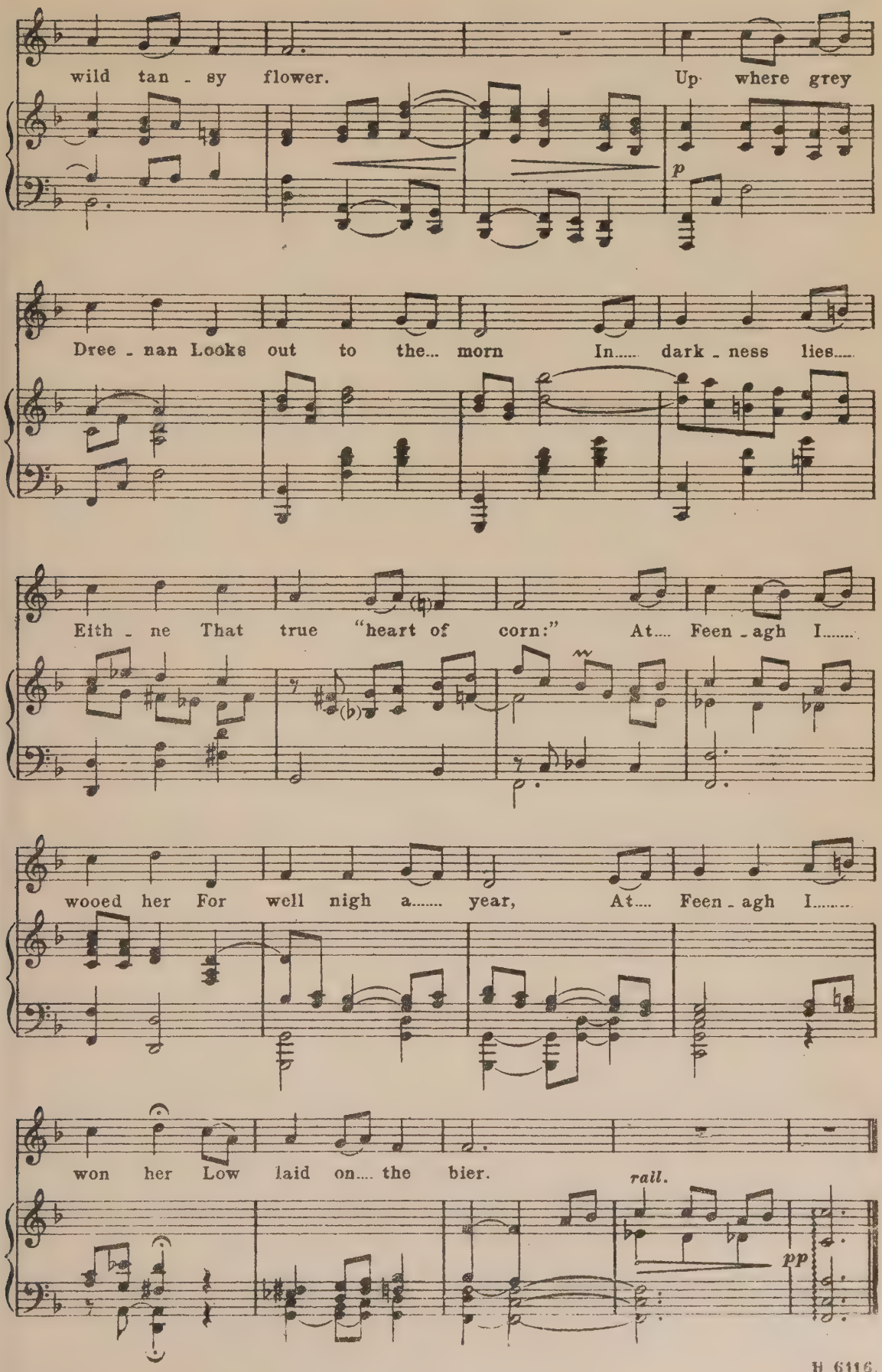
Slow by the shadows.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
Slow by the.... sha - dows of dark Gleann - a' -
legato.
- righ, The... King's Narrow Wa - ter chants out to..... the
sea, And... wreath'd in..... its..... flow - ing My.... love with it.....

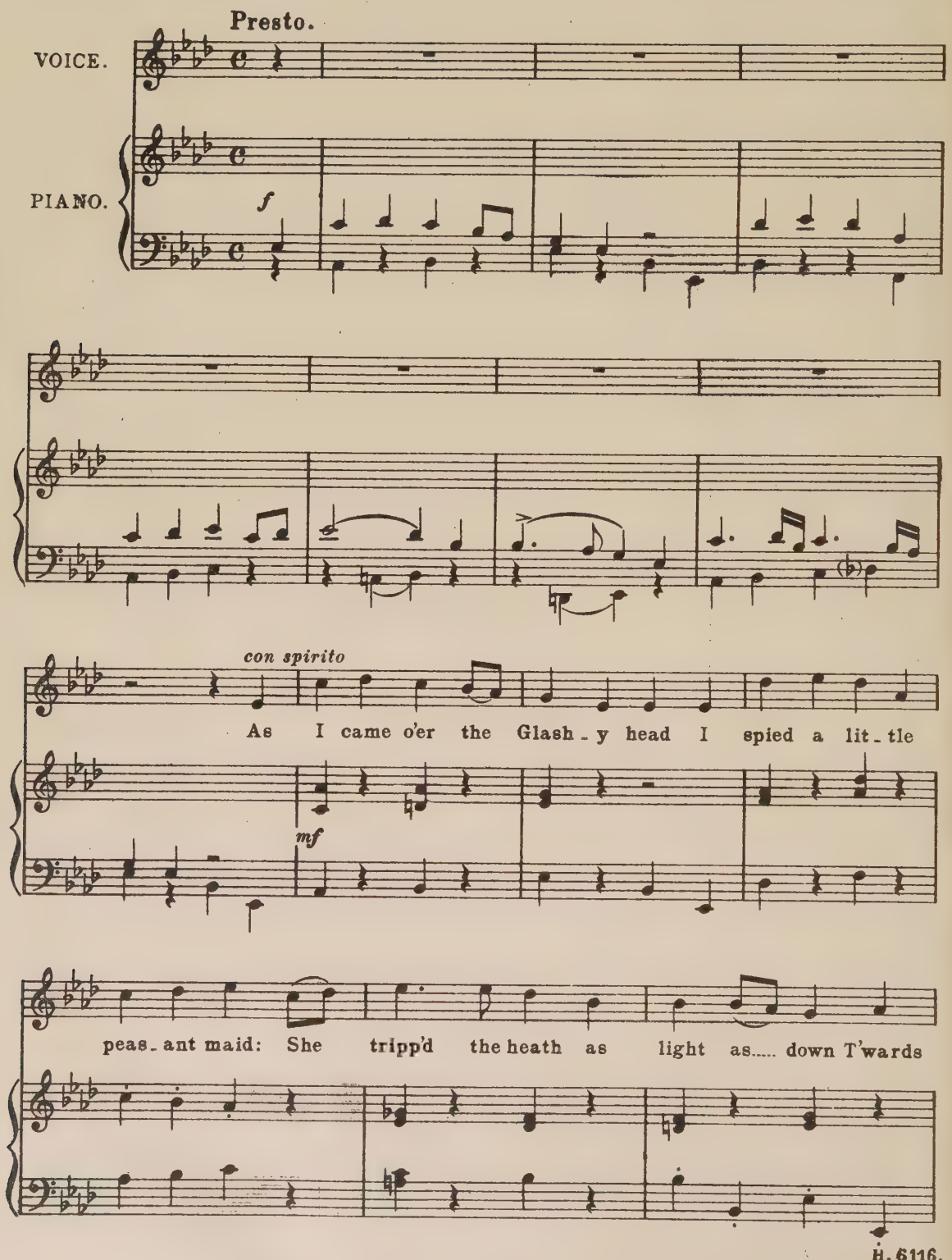

goes To.... Feen - agh of..... Oak - woods and Dree - nan... of
Sloes. There hang the... grey hills And
p
green woods a - dream, 'Twixt hea - ven's soft.... eye And the
heart of..... the stream; And hid in their si - lence My...
love makes her... bower In..... both - y of..... sloe boughs And

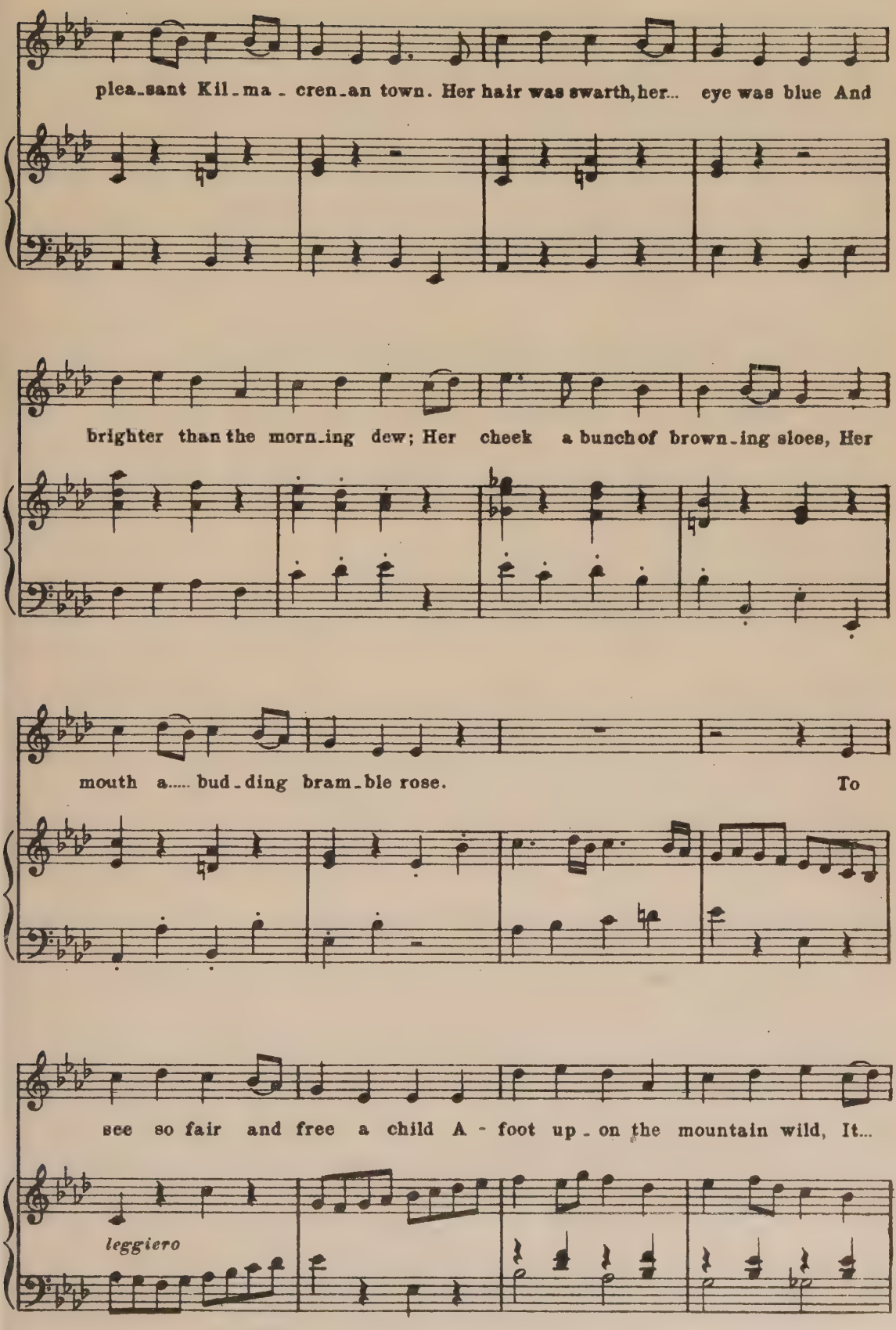

wild tan - sy flower. Up where grey
p
Dree - nan Looks out to the... morn In..... dark - ness lies.....
Eith - ne That true "heart of corn:" At.... Feen - agh I.....
wooed her For well nigh a..... year, At.... Feen - agh I.....
won her Low laid on.... the bier.
rall.
pp

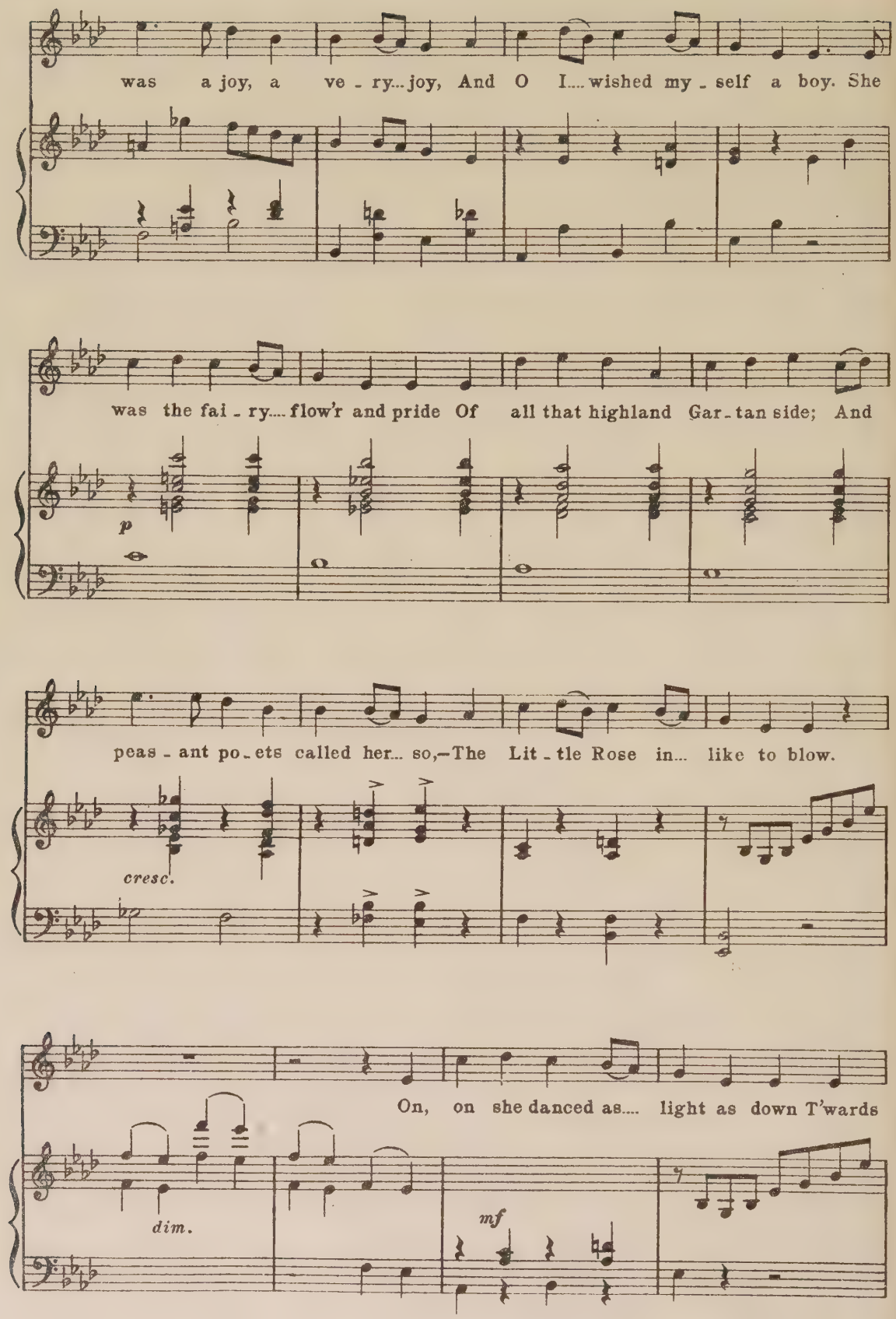
The Little Rose of Gartan.

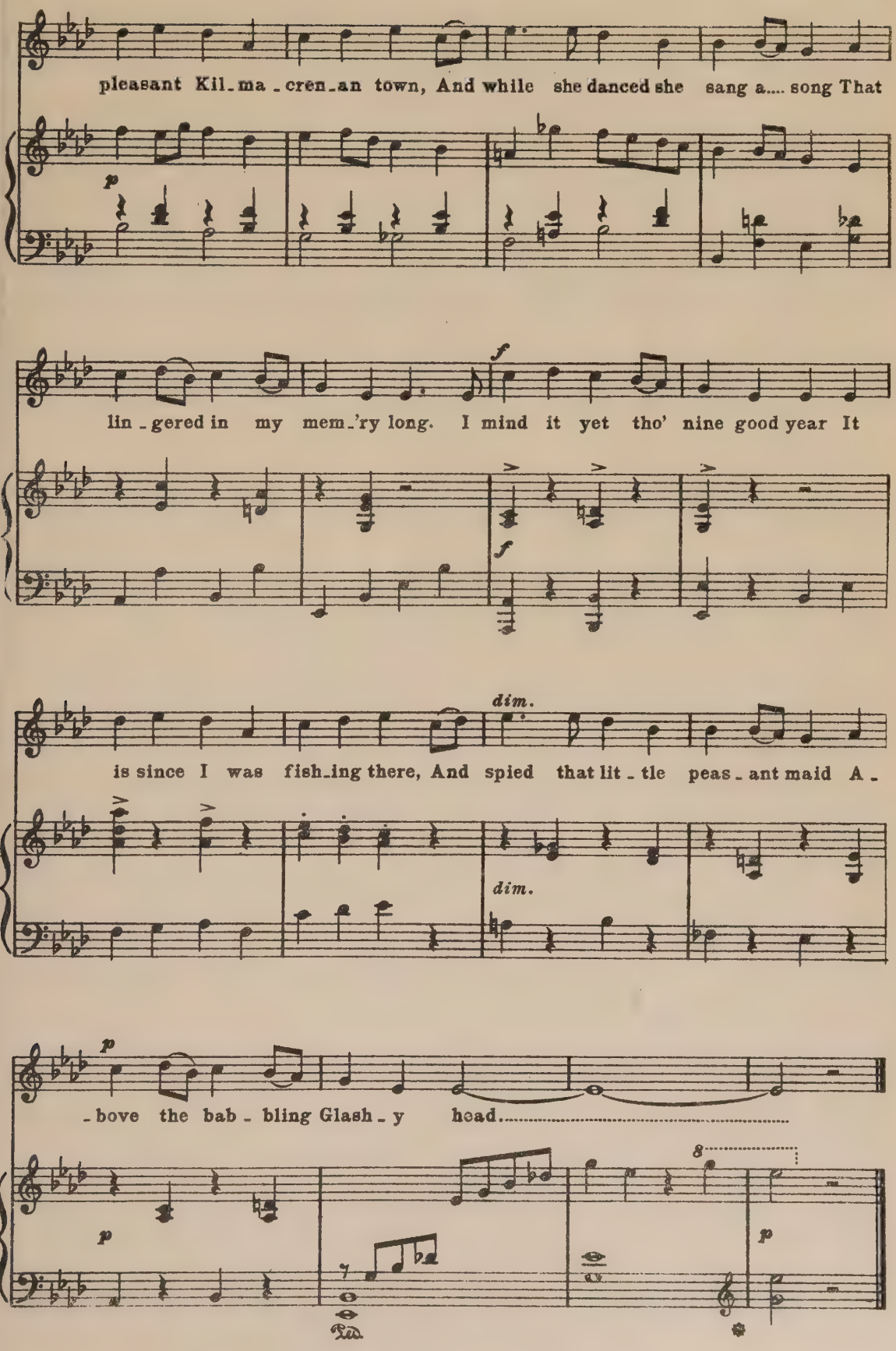
Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.


Presto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
con spirito
As I came o'er the Glash - y head I spied a lit - tle
mf
peas - ant maid: She tripp'd the heath as light as..... down T'wards

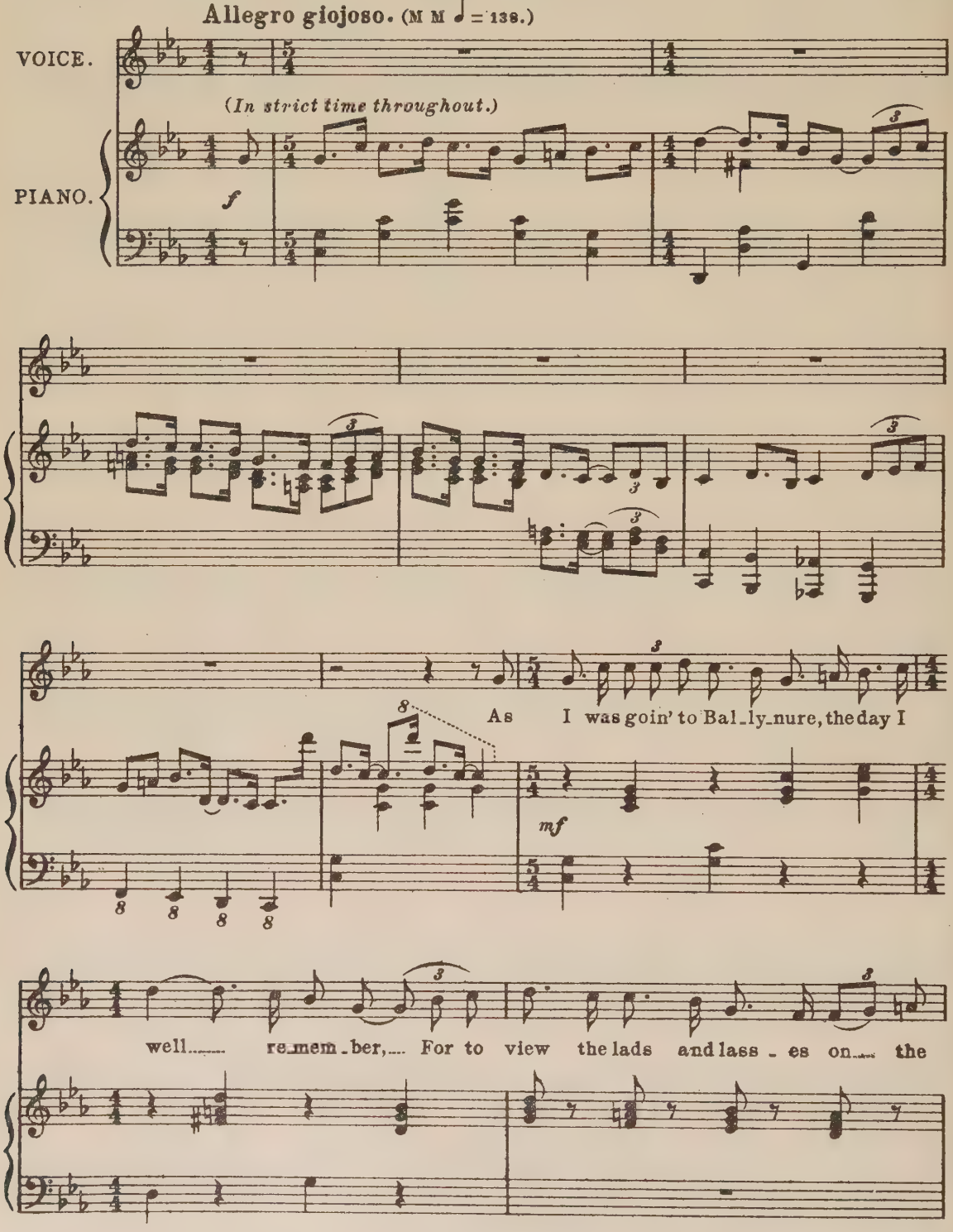

plea-sant Kil-ma-cren-an town. Her hair was swarth, her... eye was blue And
brighter than the morn-ing dew; Her cheek a bunch of brown-ing sloes, Her
mouth a..... bud-ding bram-ble rose. To
see so fair and free a child A-foot up-on the mountain wild, It...
leggiero

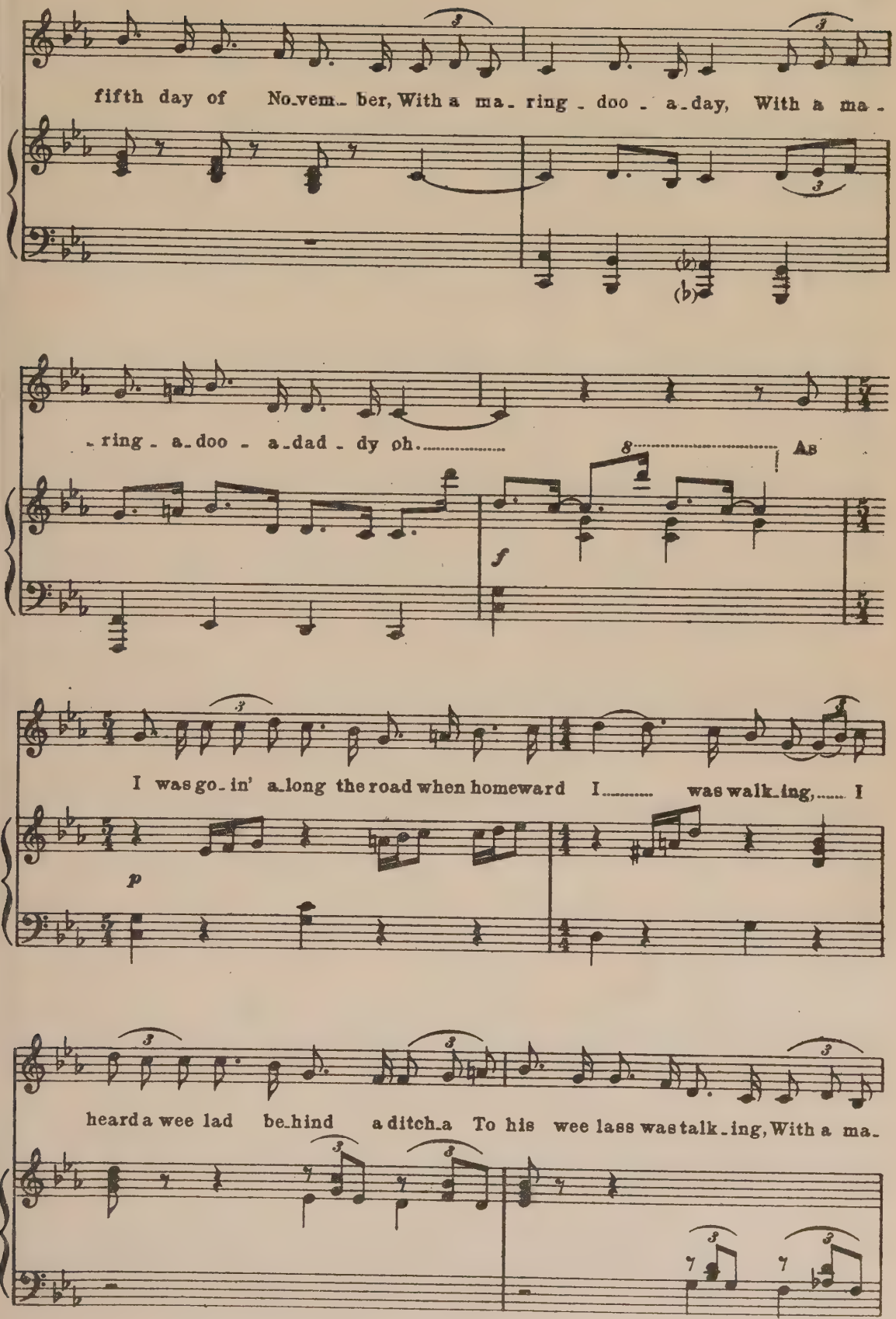

was a joy, a ve - ry... joy, And O I.... wished my - self a boy. She
was the fai - ry.... flow'r and pride Of all that highland Gar - tan side; And
p
peas - ant po - ets called her... so,—The Lit - tle Rose in... like to blow.
cresc.
On, on she danced as.... light as down T'wards
dim.
mf

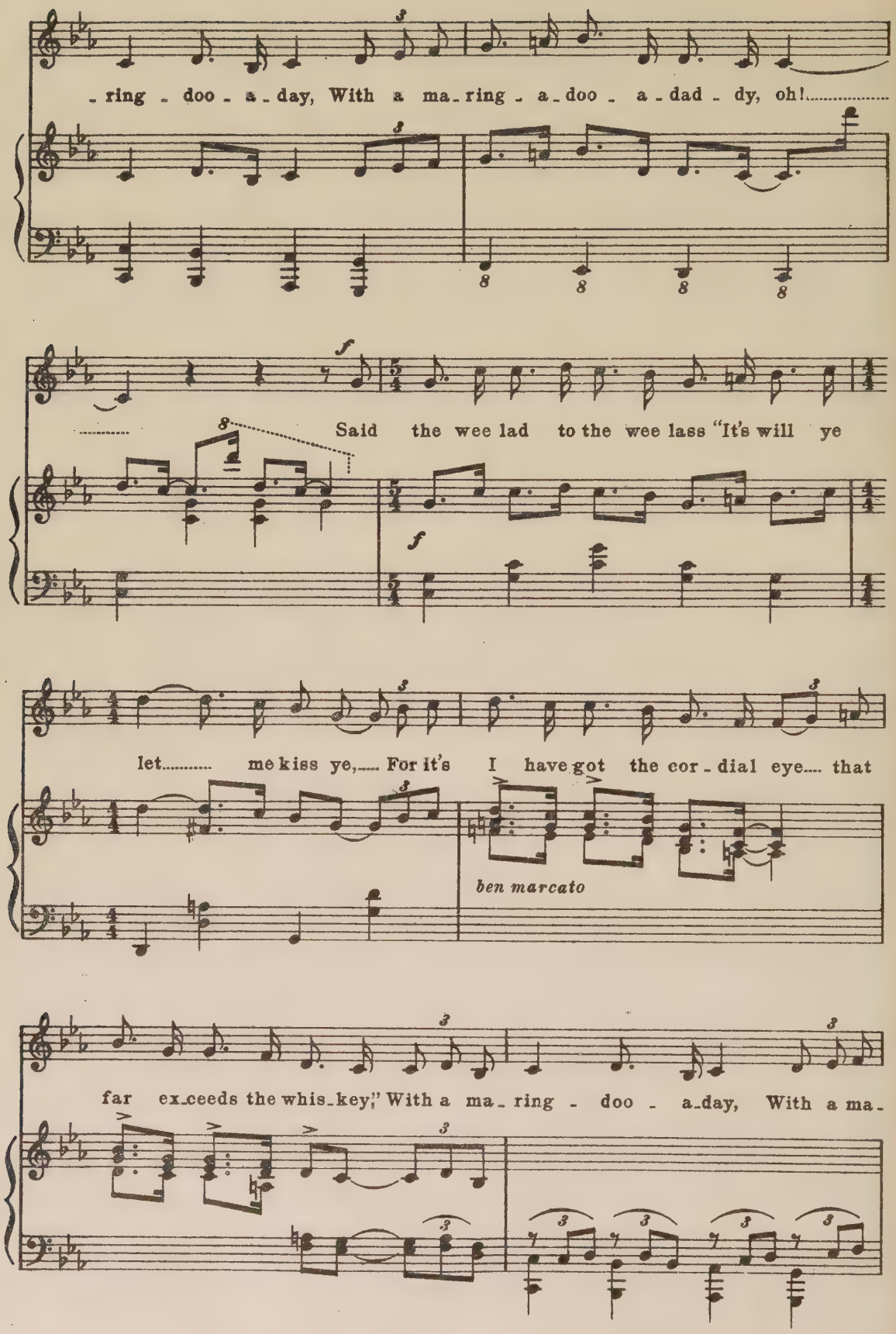

pleasant Kil_ma _cren_an town, And while she danced she sang a.... song That
p
lin _gered in my mem_'ry long. I mind it yet tho' nine good year It
f
f
dim.
is since I was fish_ing there, And spied that lit _ tle peas _ ant maid A _
dim.
p
_bove the bab _ bling Glash _ y head.....
p
p
8
p

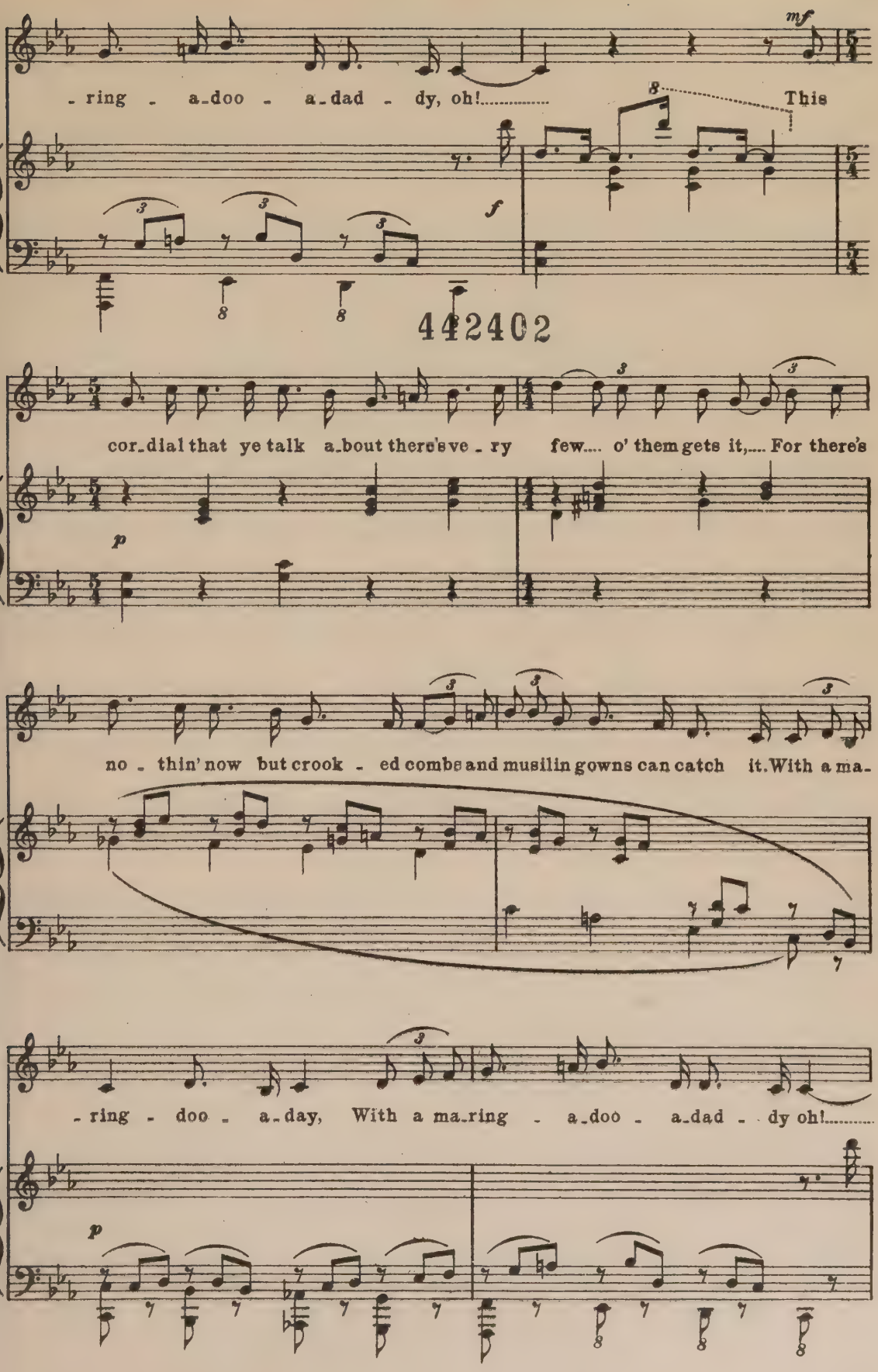
A Ballynure Ballad.

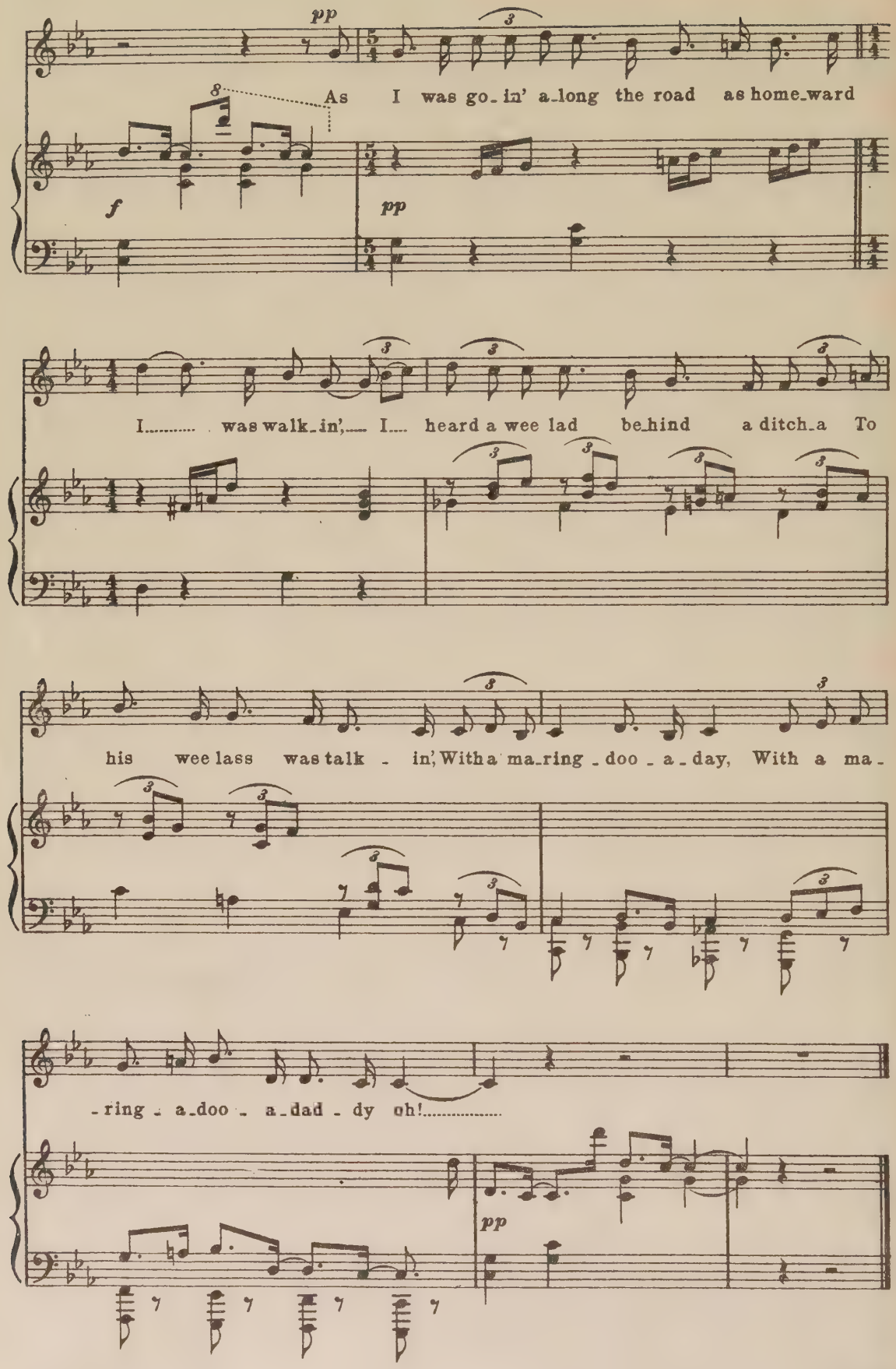
Fragment of an old Ballad. COUNTY ANTRIM.


Allegro giojoso. (M M ♩ = 138.)
VOICE.
(In strict time throughout.)
PIANO.
f
As I was goin' to Bal_ly_nure, the day I
mf
well..... re_mem_ber,.... For to view the lads and lass_es on.... the


fifth day of No_vem_ ber, With a ma_ ring _ doo _ a_day, With a ma -
- ring - a_doo - a_dad - dy oh.
As
I was go_in' a_long the road when homeward I
was walk_ing,
I
heard a wee lad be_hind a ditch_a To his wee lass was talk_ing, With a ma_


- ring - doo - a - day, With a ma - ring - a - doo - a - dad - dy, oh!
Said the wee lad to the wee lass "It's will ye
let..... me kiss ye,..... For it's I have got the cor - dial eye.... that
ben marcato
far ex - ceeds the whis - key," With a ma - ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -

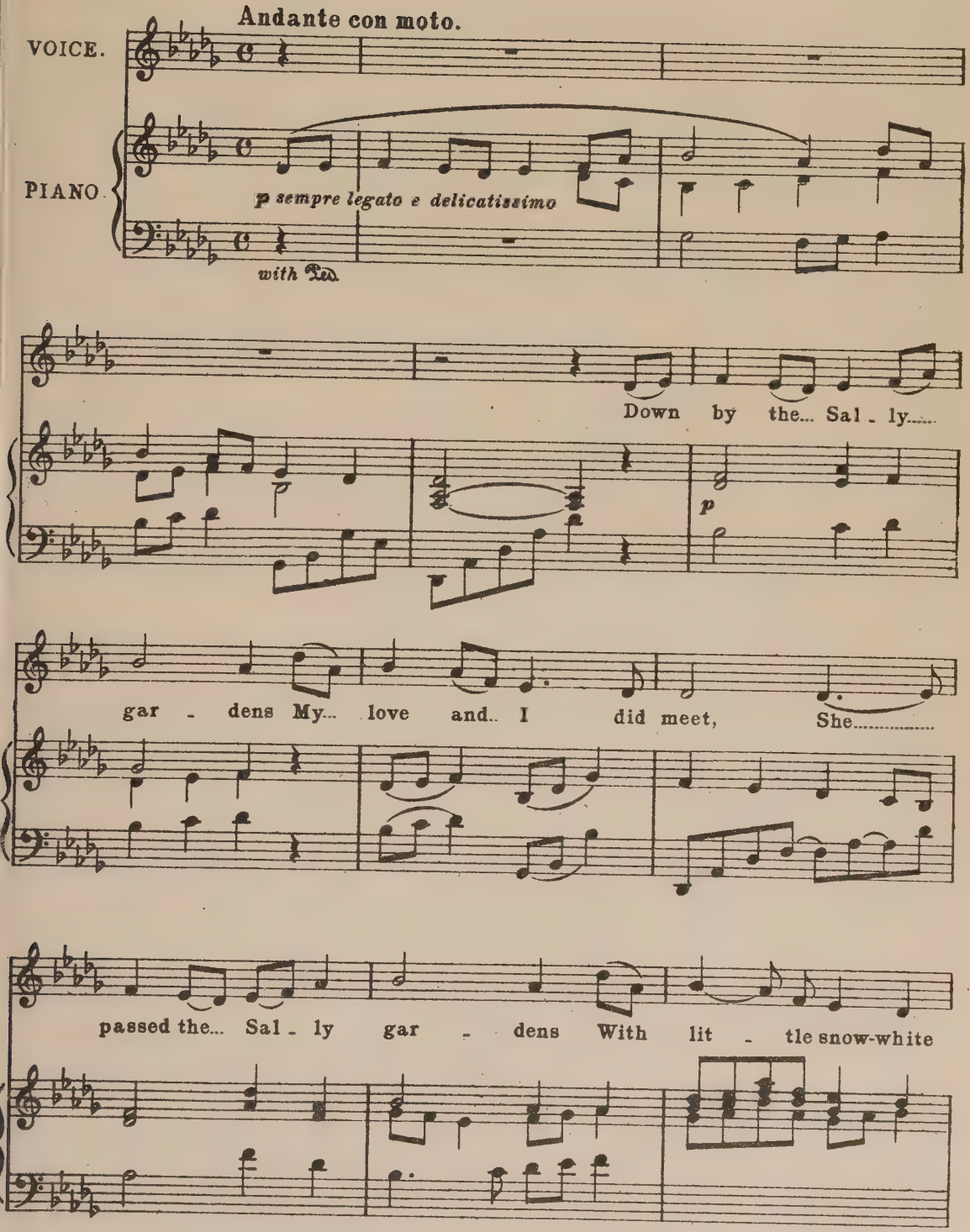

mf
- ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy, oh!..... This
f
442402
cor-dial that ye talk a-bout there's ve - ry few.... o' them gets it,.... For there's
p
no - thin' now but crook - ed combs and musilin gowns can catch it. With a ma-
- ring - doo - a-day, With a ma-ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy oh!.....
p

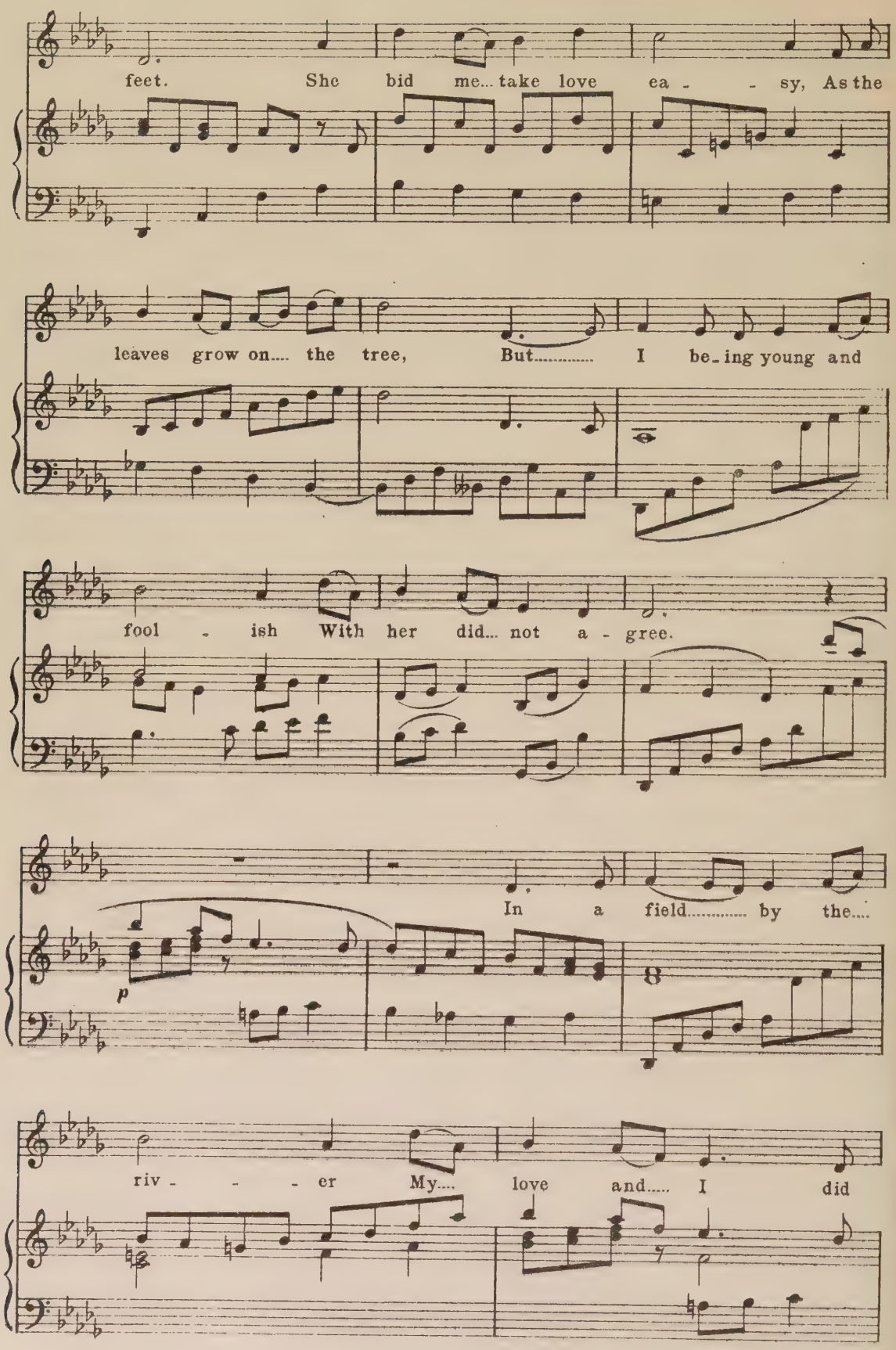

pp
As I was go_in' a_long the road as home_ward
f
pp
I..... was walk_in',.... I.... heard a wee lad be_hind a ditch_a To
his wee lass was talk - in', With a ma_ring _ doo _ a _ day, With a ma -
- ring - a_doo - a_dad - dy oh!.....
pp

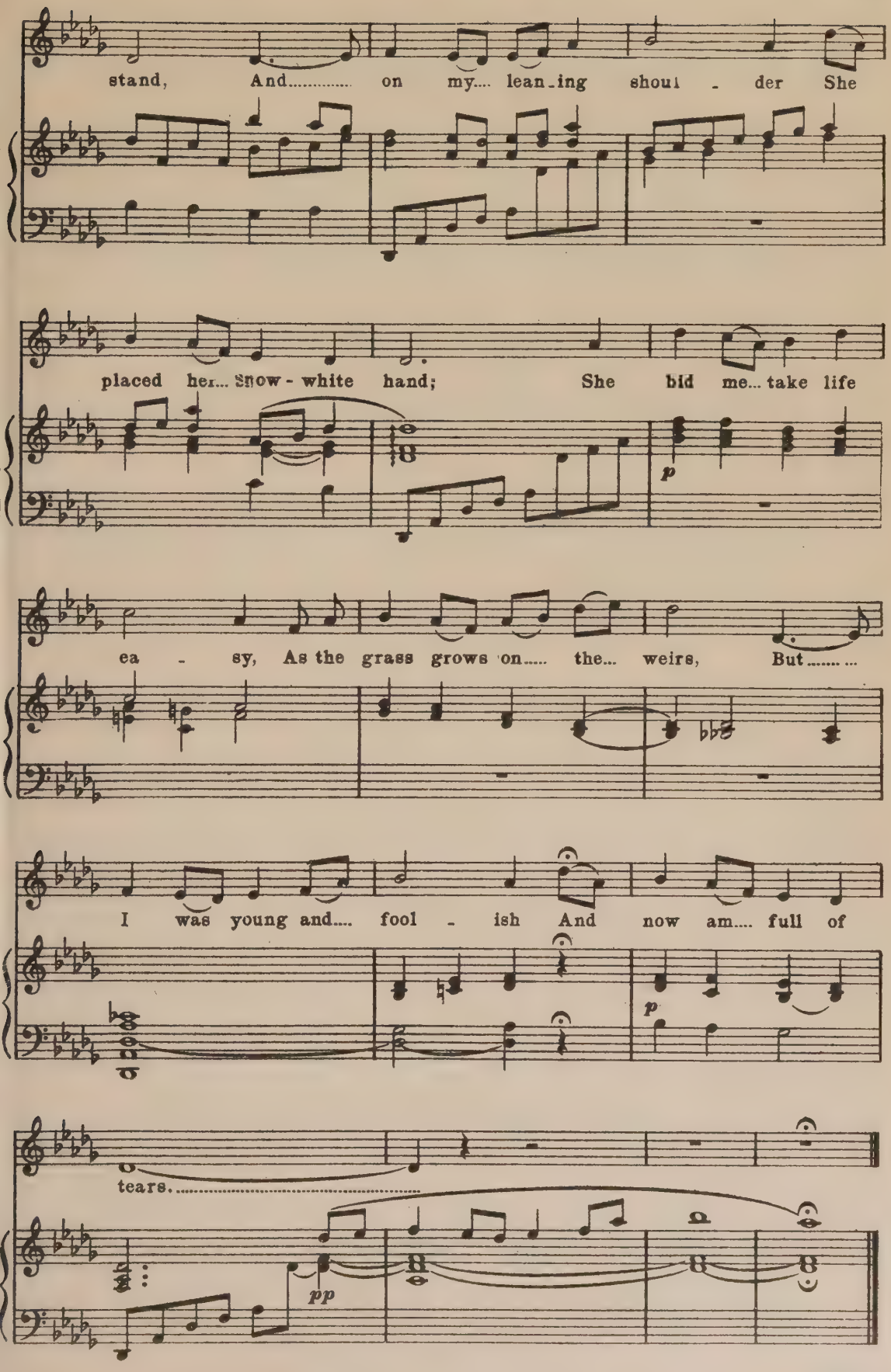
Down by the Sally Gardens.

Words by
W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore."

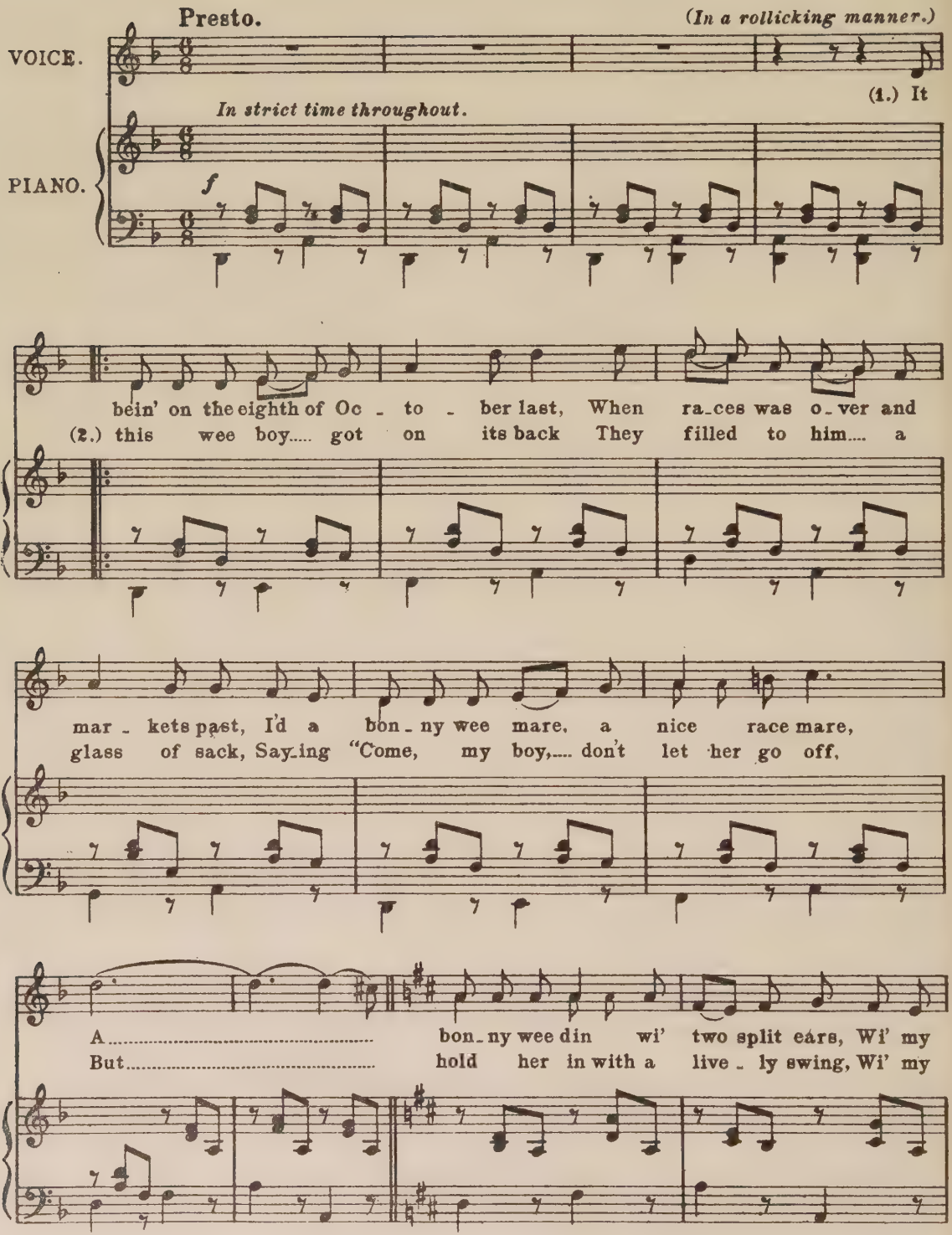

Andante con moto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p sempre legato e delicatissimo
with Ped.
Down by the... Sal - ly.....
p
gar - dens My... love and.. I did meet, She.....
passed the... Sal - ly gar - dens With lit - tle snow-white

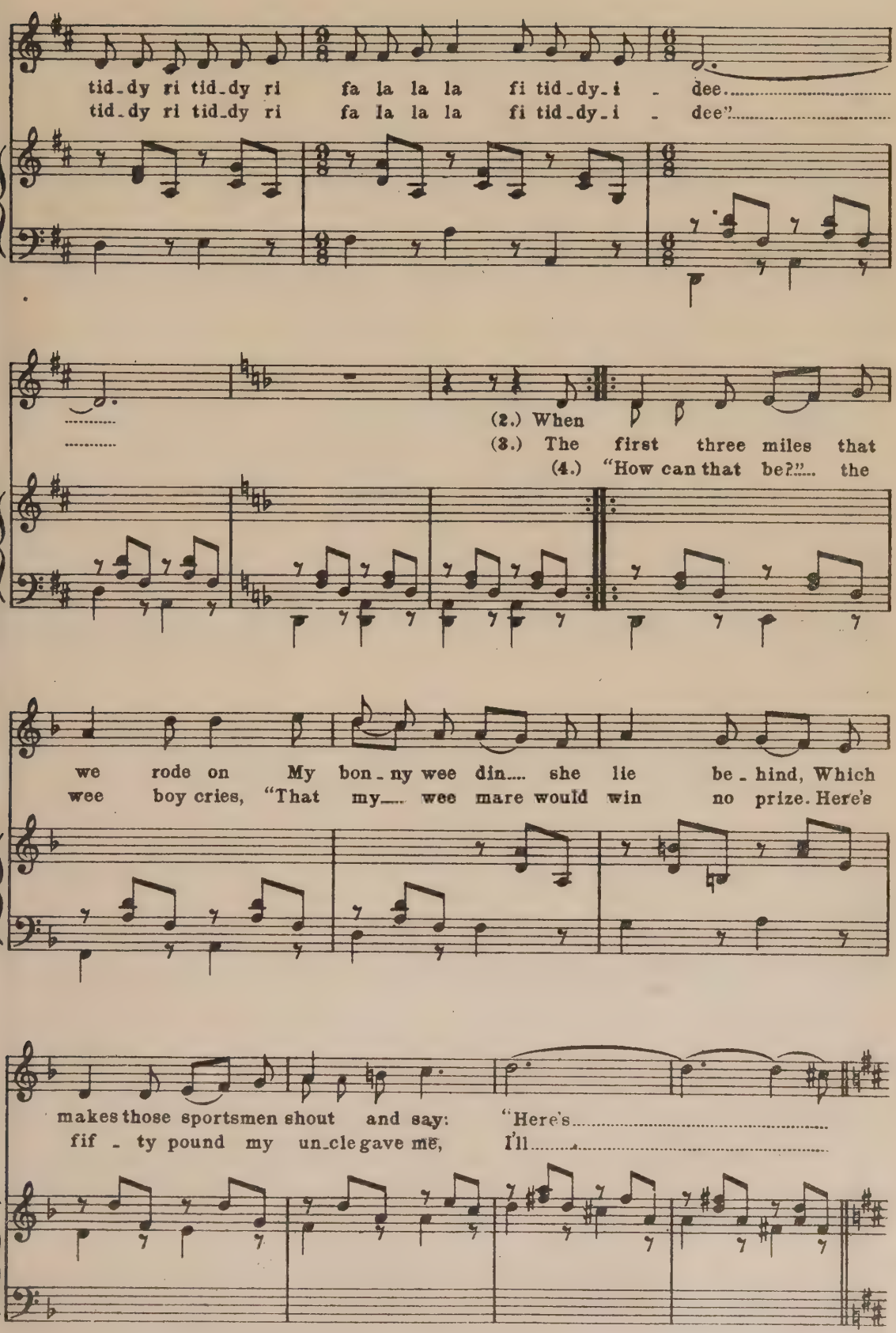

feet. She bid me... take love ea - - sy, As the
leaves grow on.... the tree, But..... I be_ing young and
fool - ish With her did... not a - gree.
In a field..... by the....
p
riv - - - er My.... love and..... I did

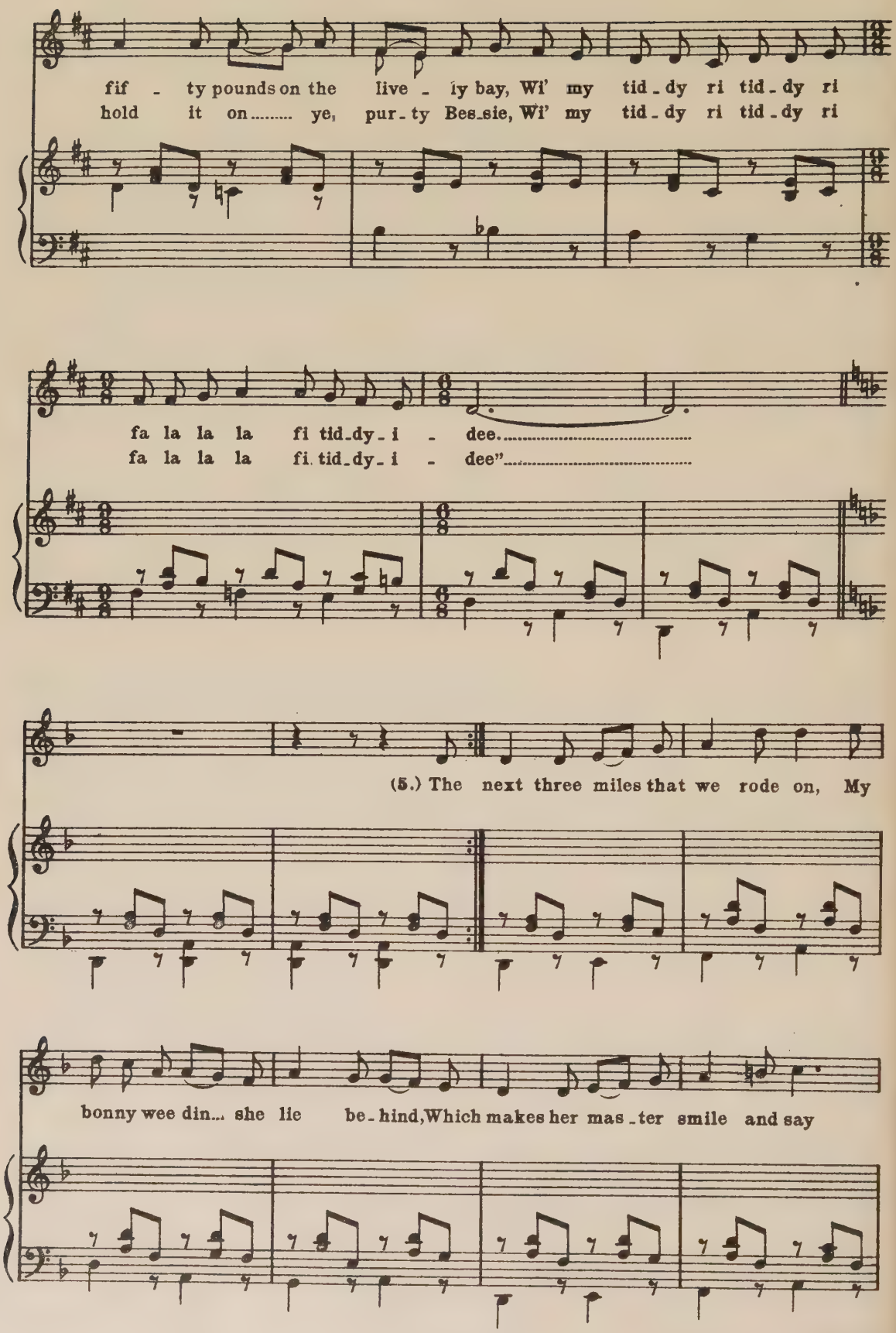

stand, And..... on my.... lean_ing shoul - der She
placed her... snow - white hand; She bid me... take life
p
ea - sy, As the grass grows on..... the... weirs, But.....
I was young and..... fool - ish And now am.... full of
p
tears.
pp

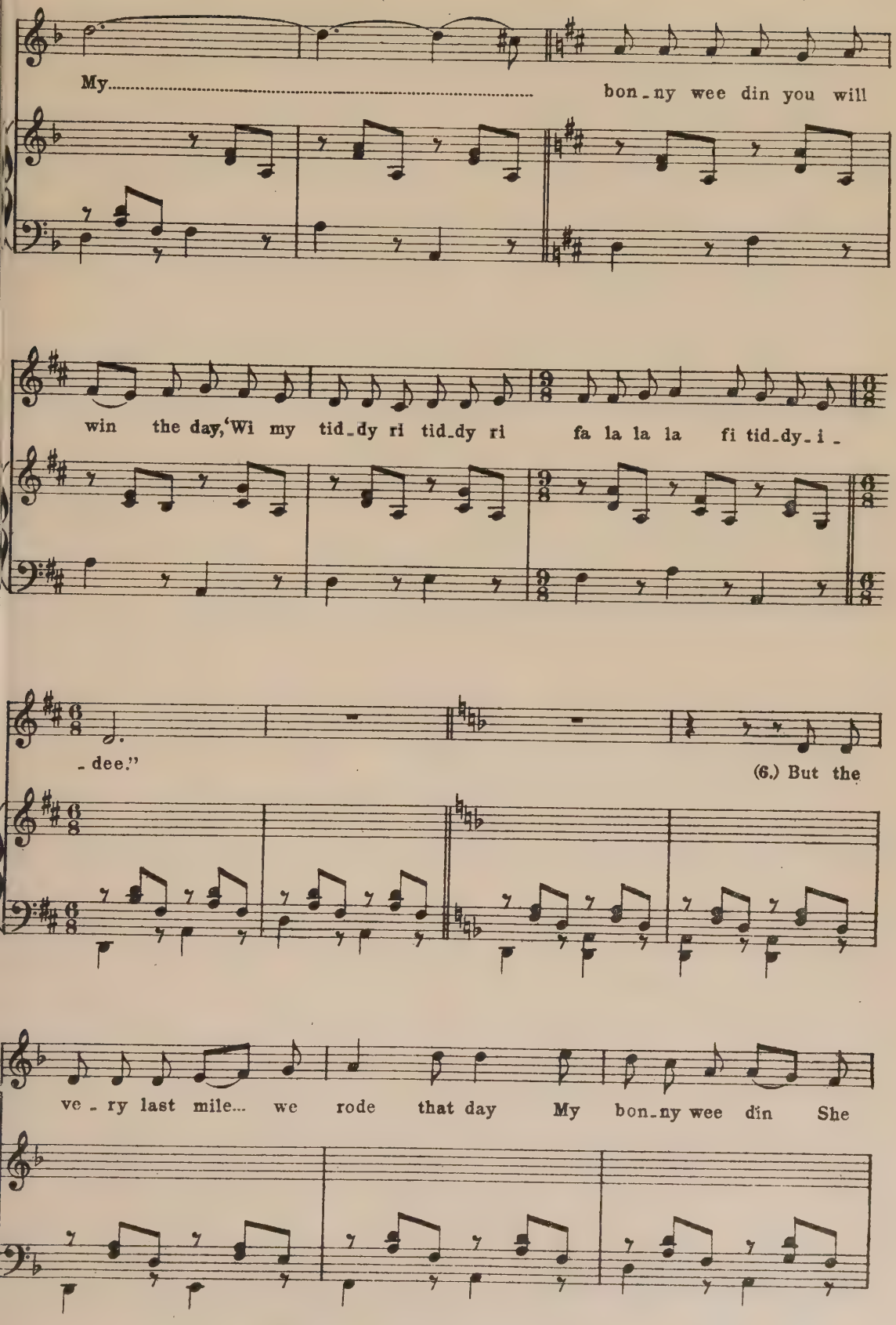
The Bonny Wee Mare.

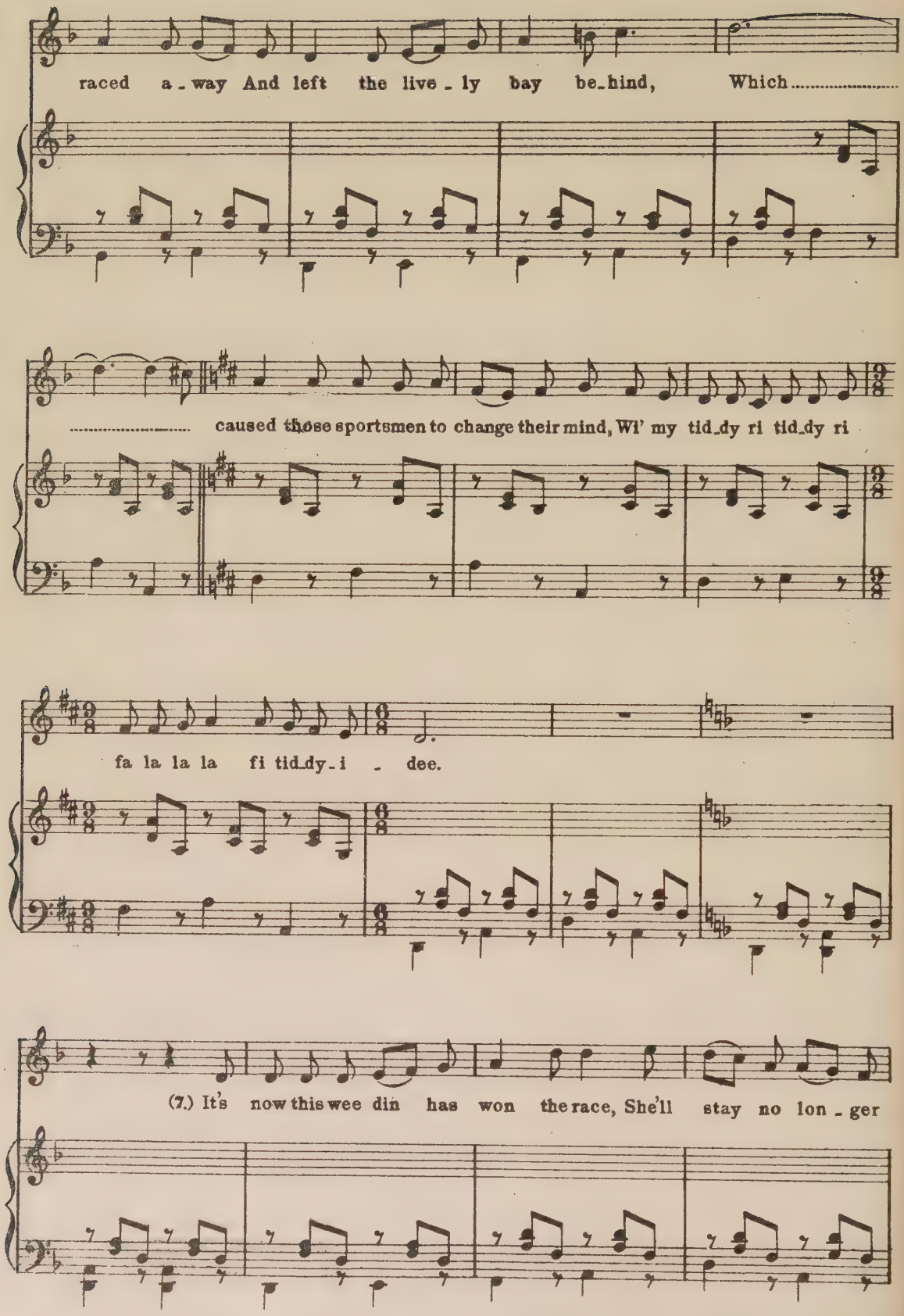
(A ballad of a horse-race.)

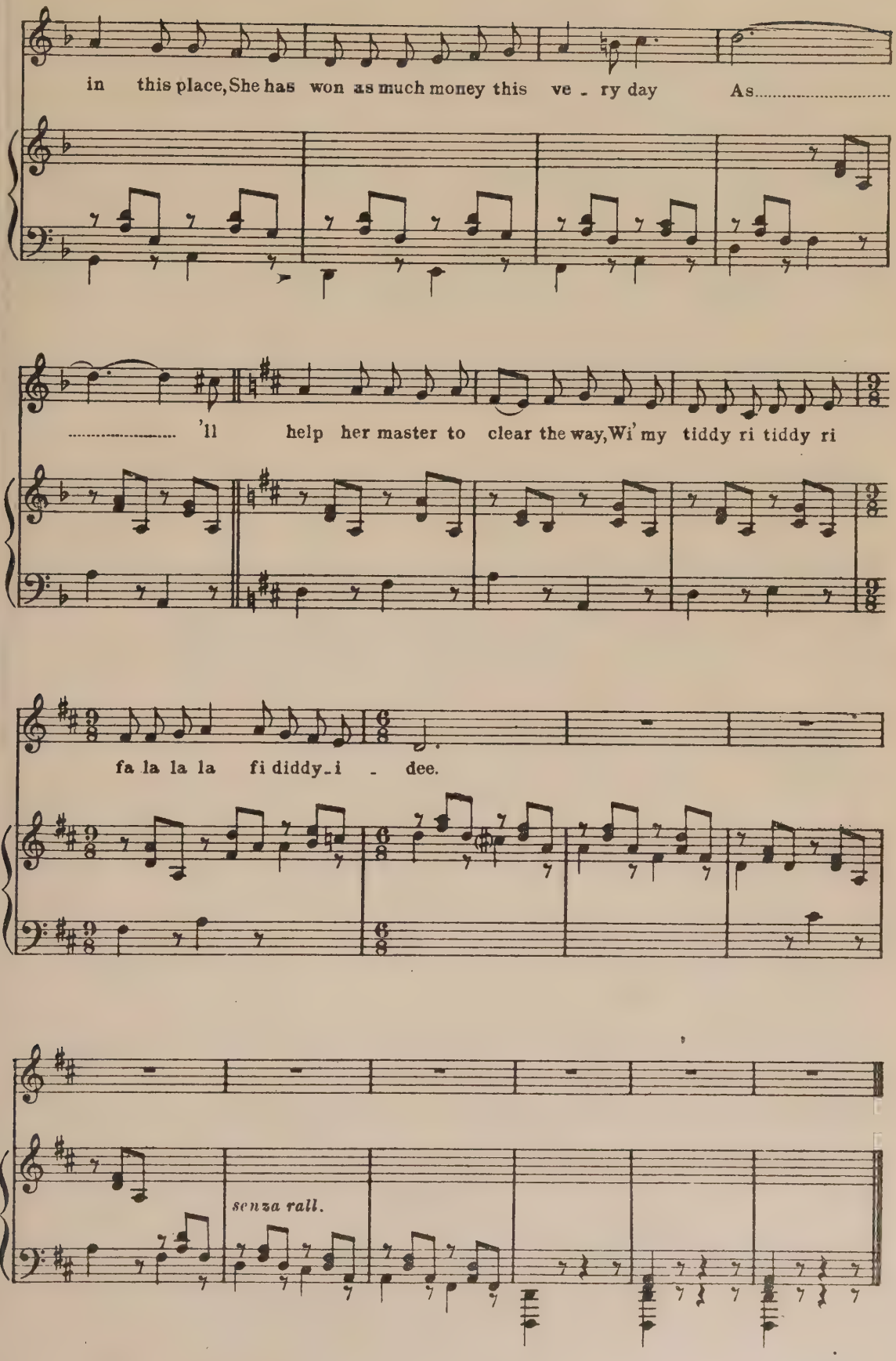
COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto.
(In a rollicking manner.)
VOICE.
PIANO.
In strict time throughout.
f
(1.) It
bein' on the eighth of Oc - to - ber last, When ra-ces was o-ver and
(2.) this wee boy..... got on its back They filled to him.... a
mar - kets past, I'd a bon-ny wee mare, a nice race mare,
glass of sack, Say-ing "Come, my boy,.... don't let her go off,
A..... bon-ny wee din wi' two split ears, Wi' my
But..... hold her in with a live - ly swing, Wi' my


tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee.....
tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee".....
(2.) When
(3.) The first three miles that
(4.) "How can that be?"..... the
we rode on My bon-ny wee din.... she lie be-hind, Which
wee boy cries, "That my.... wee mare would win no prize. Here's
makes those sportsmen shout and say: "Here's.....
fif-ty pound my un-cle gave me, I'll.....


fif - ty pounds on the live - ly bay, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
hold it on..... ye, pur - ty Bes - sie, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee.....
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee".....
(5.) The next three miles that we rode on, My
bonny wee din... she lie be - hind, Which makes her mas - ter smile and say


My
bon-ny wee din you will
win the day,'Wi my tid-dy ri tid-dy ri
fa la la la fi tid-dy-i-
-dee."
(6.) But the
ve-ry last mile... we rode that day My bon-ny wee din She

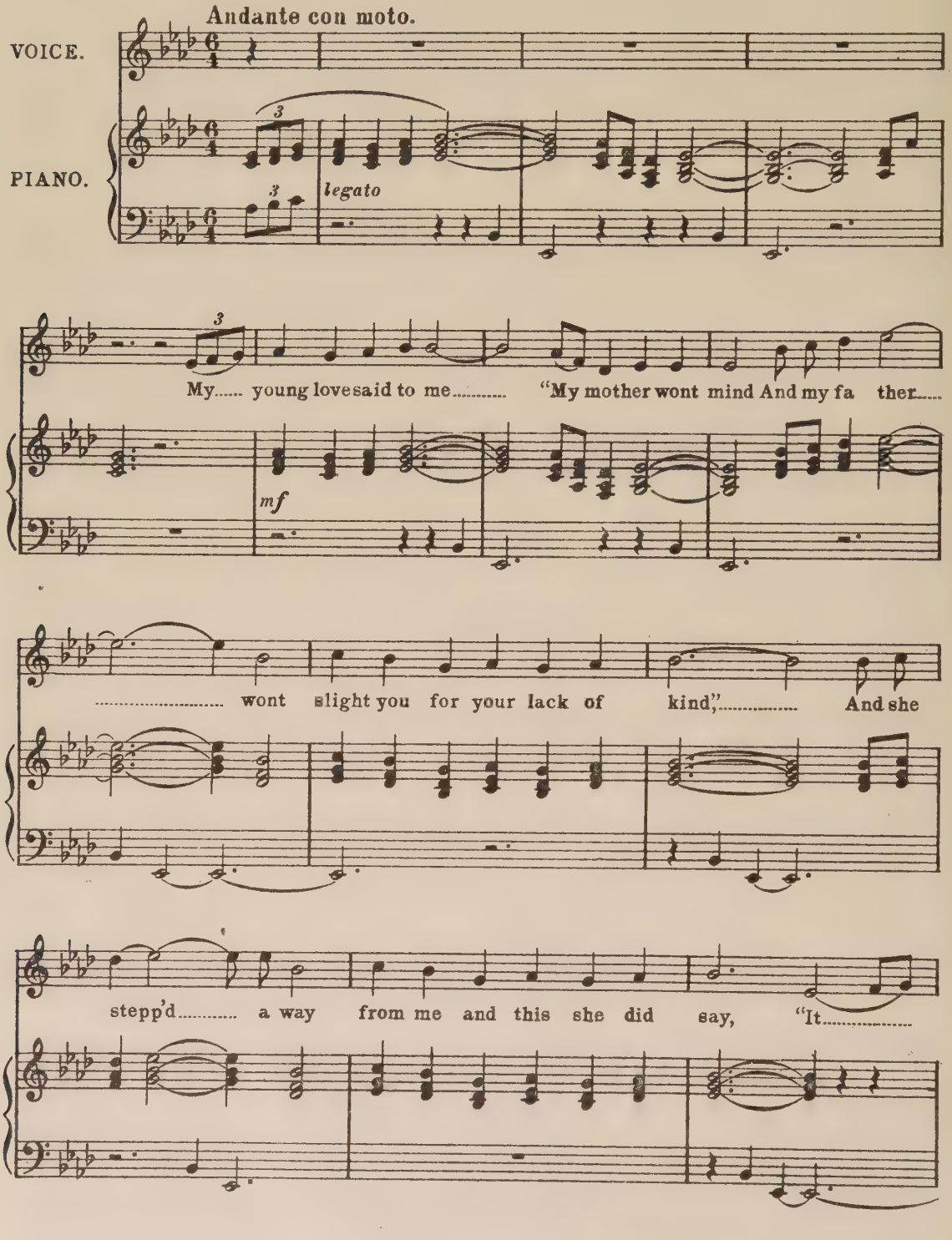

raced a - way And left the live - ly bay be - hind, Which
caused those sportsmen to change their mind, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee.
(7.) It's now this wee din has won the race, She'll stay no lon - ger

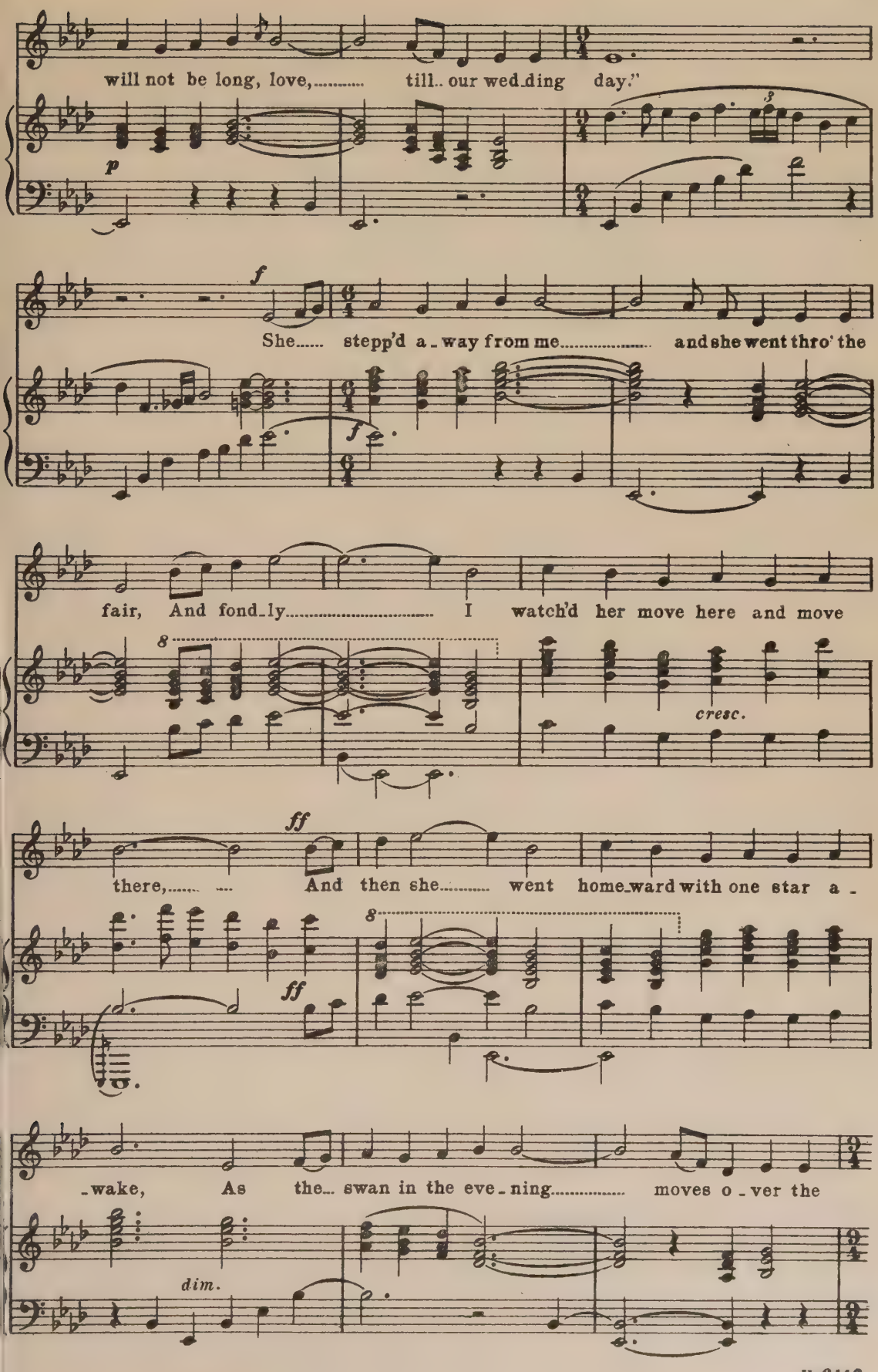

in this place, She has won as much money this ve - ry day As.....
..... 'll help her master to clear the way, Wi' my tiddy ri tiddy ri
fa la la la fi diddy-i - dee.
senza rall.

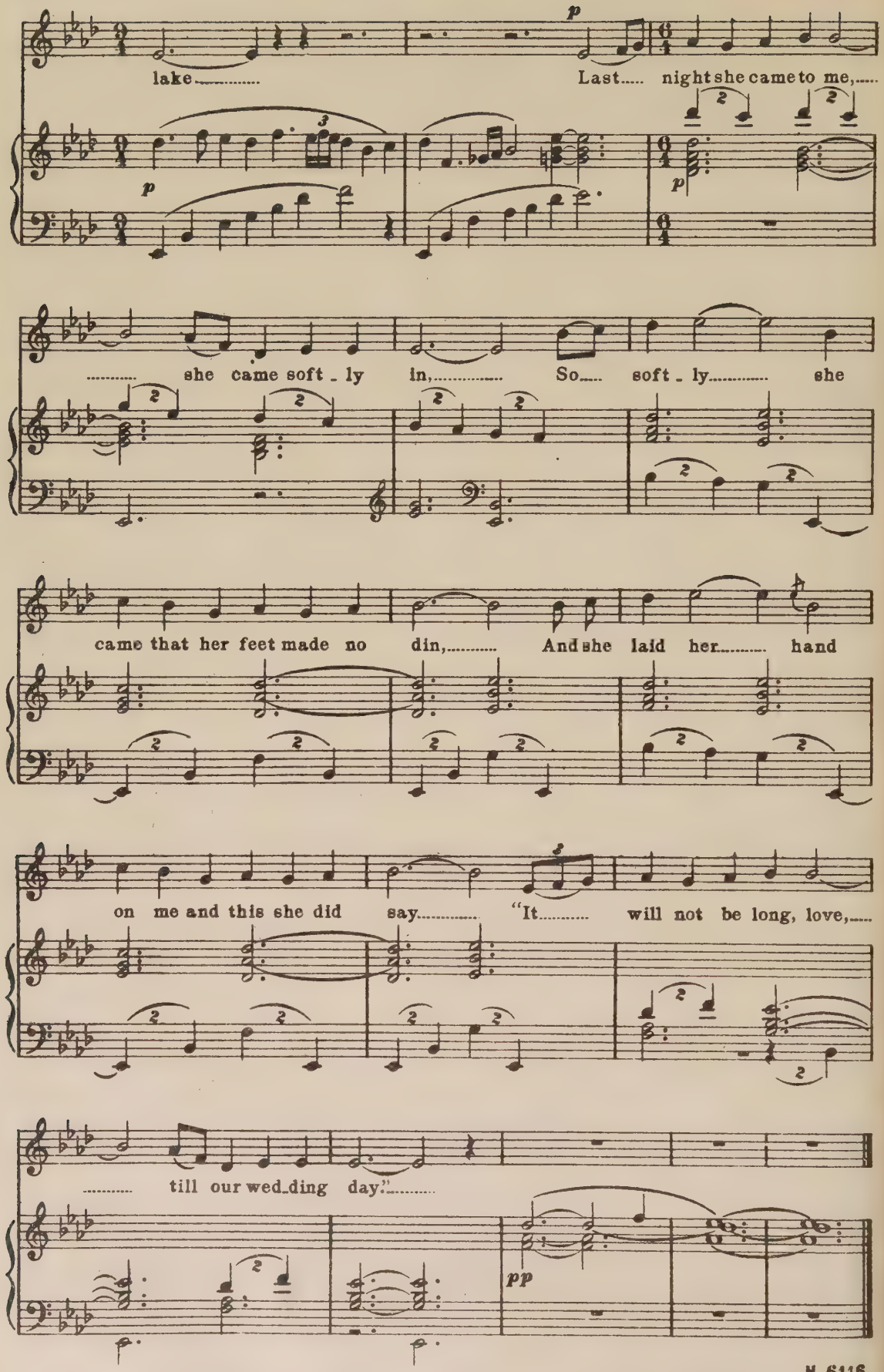
She moved thro' the fair.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.
Adapted from an old ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.


Andante con moto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
legato
mf
My..... young love said to me..... "My mother wont mind And my fa ther.....
..... wont slight you for your lack of kind",..... And she
stepp'd..... a way from me and this she did say, "It.....

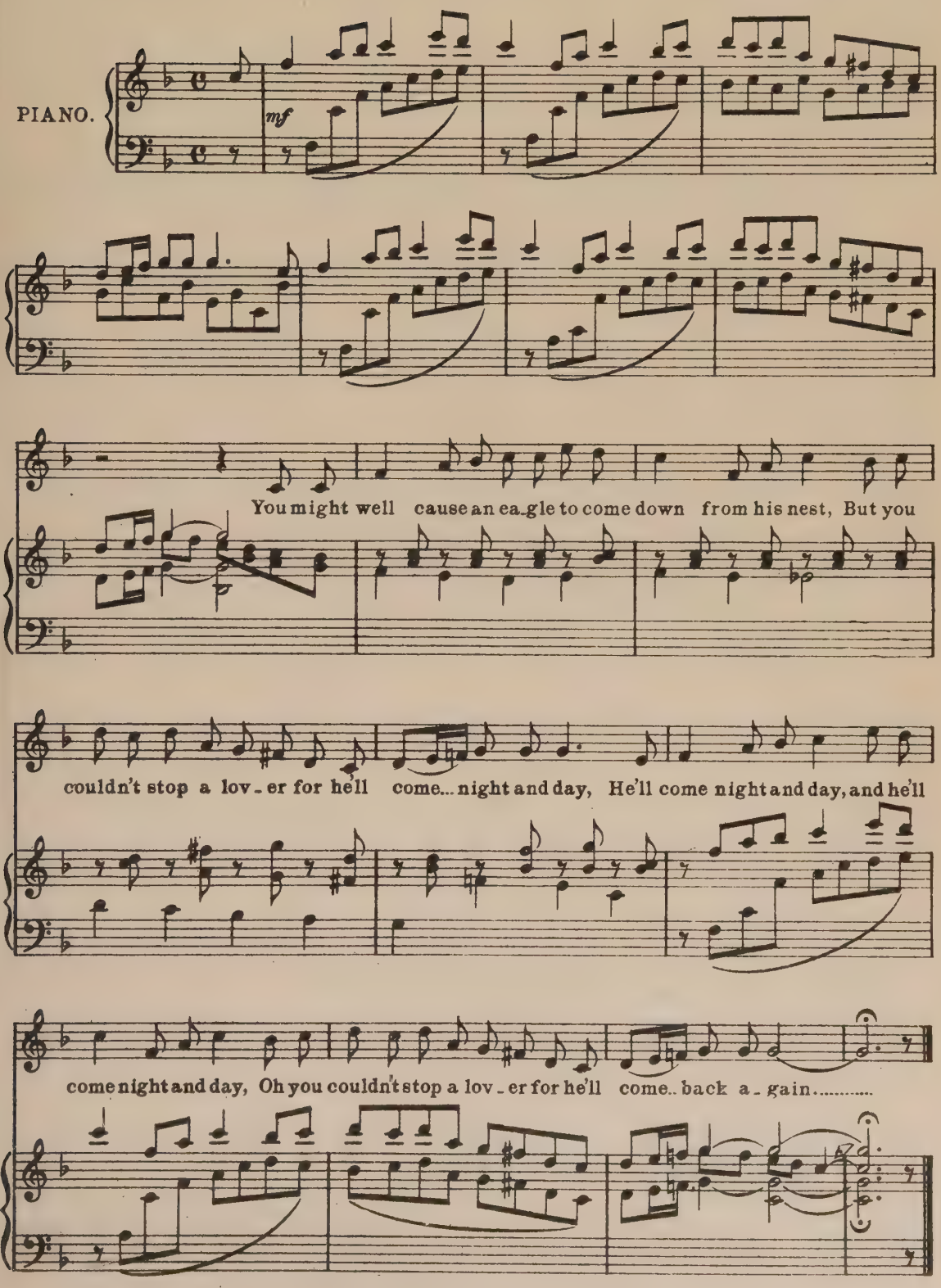

will not be long, love, till our wed ding day."
p
She stepp'd a way from me and she went thro' the
f
fair, And fond ly I watch'd her move here and move
cresc.
there, And then she went home ward with one star a -
ff
ff
-wake, As the swan in the eve ning moves o ver the
dim.


lake
Last night she came to me,
she came soft ly in,
So soft ly she
came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand
on me and this she did say
"It will not be long, love,
till our wed ding day."
p
pp

You couldn't stop a lover.

(A FRAGMENT.)

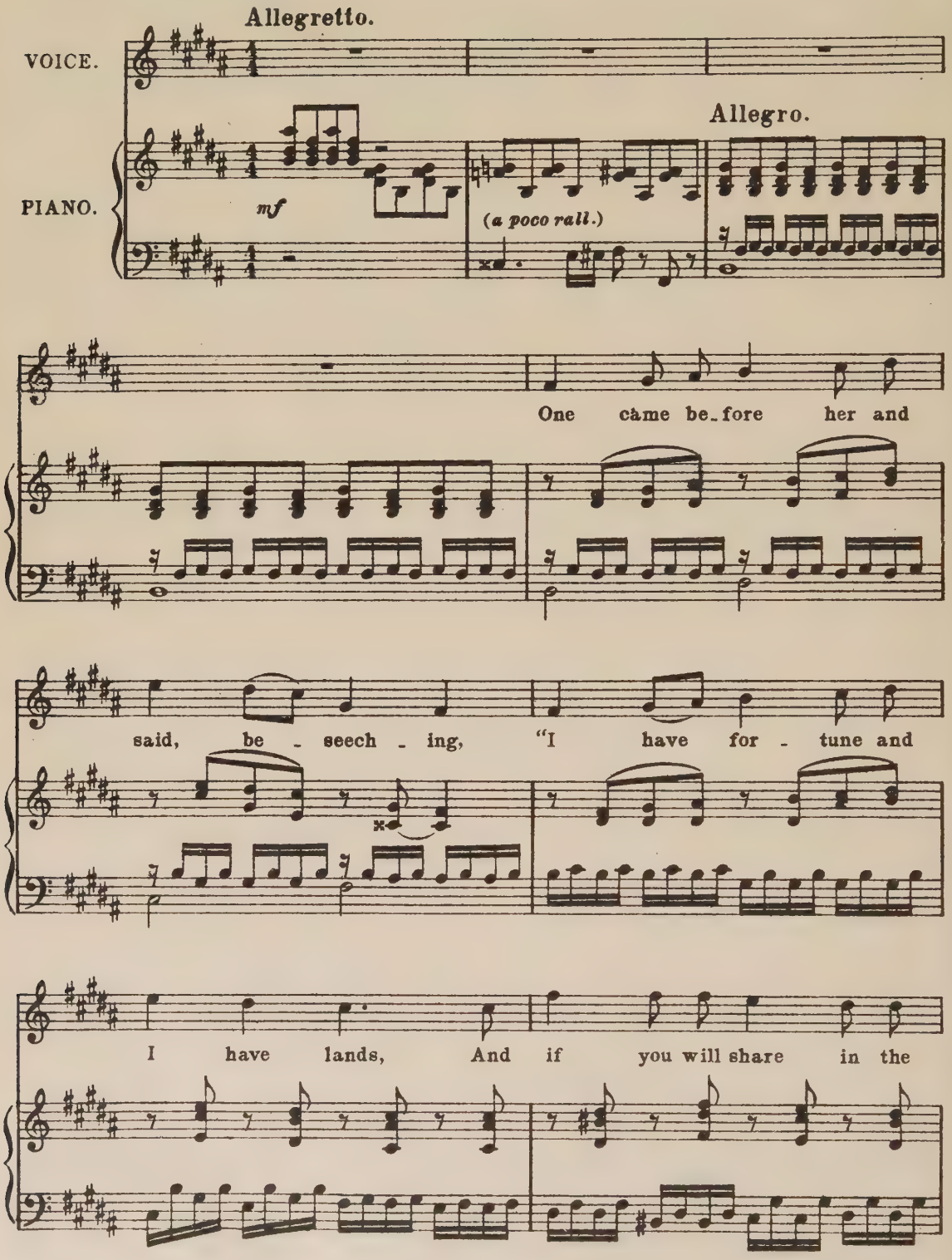
COUNTY DONEGAL.

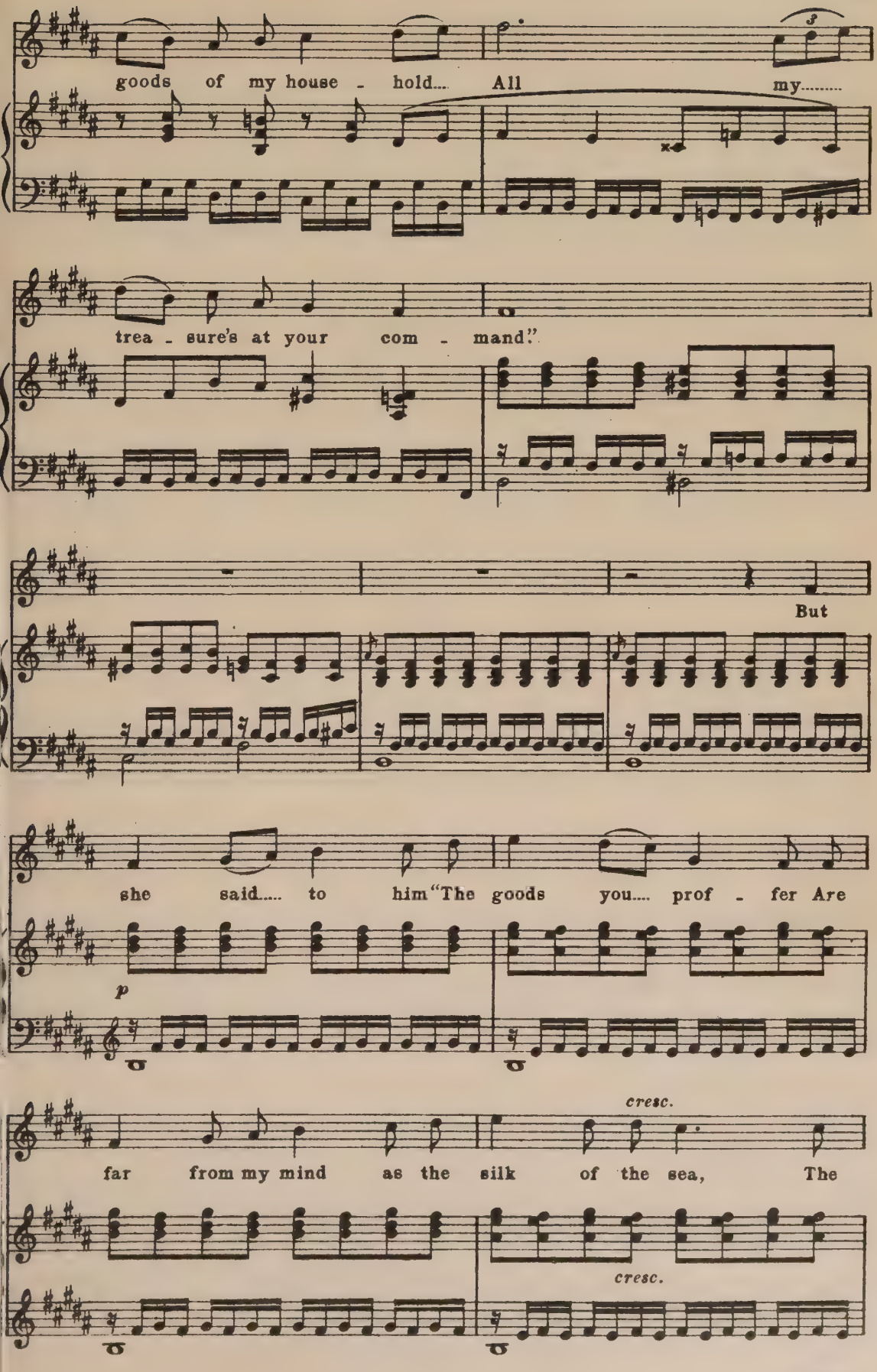

PIANO.
mf
You might well cause an ea-gle to come down from his nest, But you
couldn't stop a lov-er for he'll come... night and day, He'll come night and day, and he'll
come night and day, Oh you couldn't stop a lov-er for he'll come.. back a-gain.....

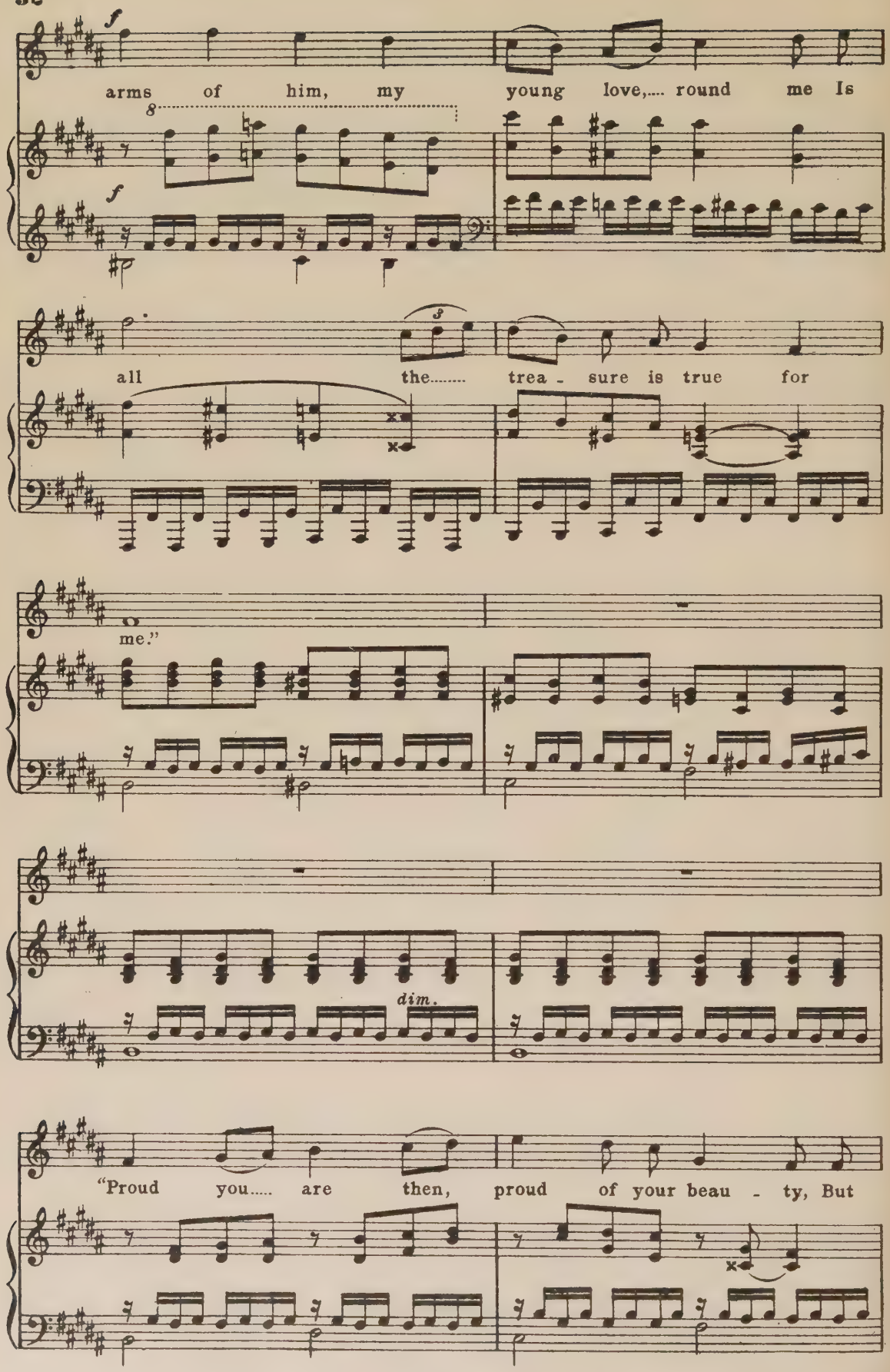
An Island Spinning Song.

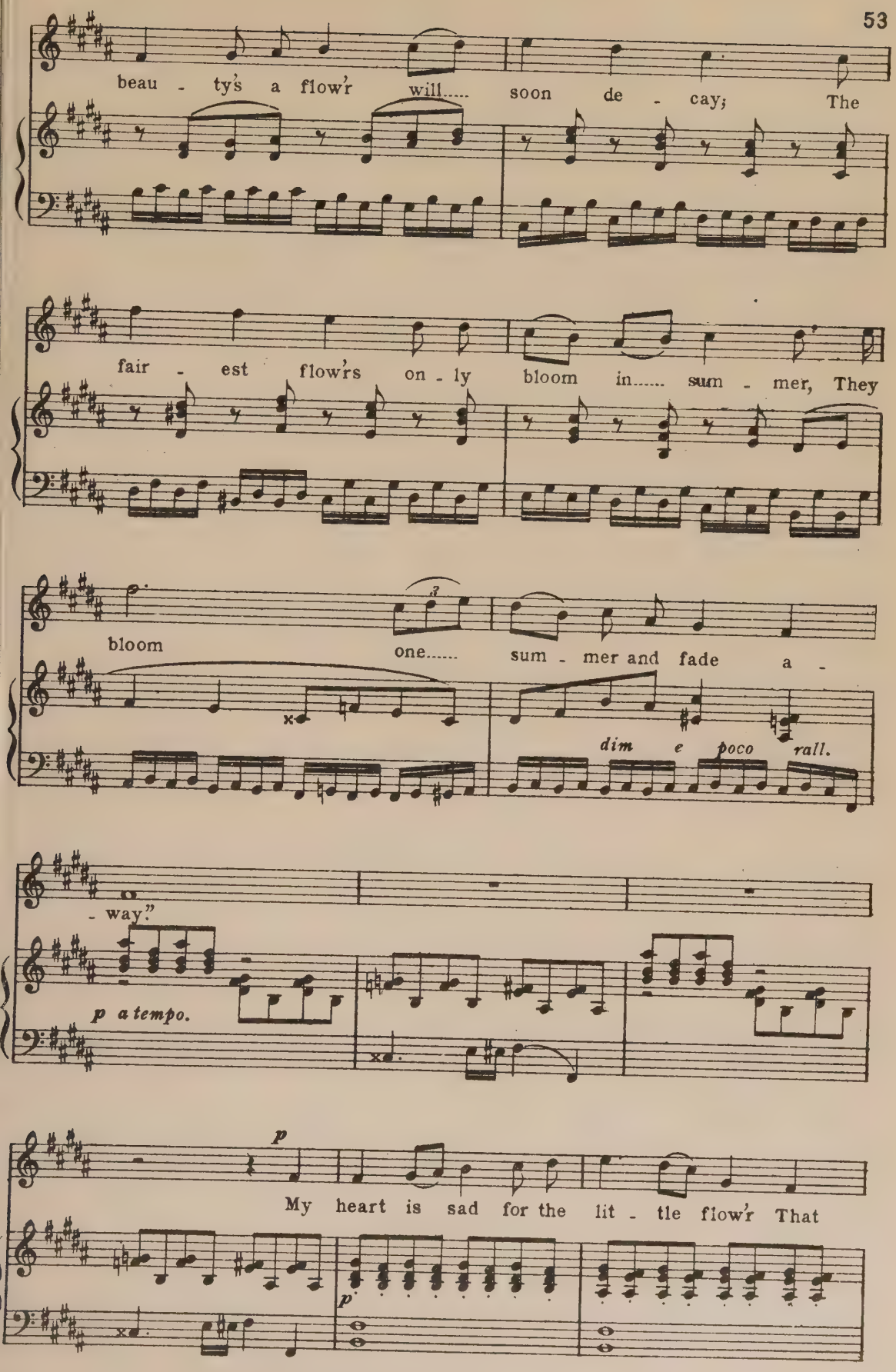
PÁDRAIC COLUM. INNISMURRY.

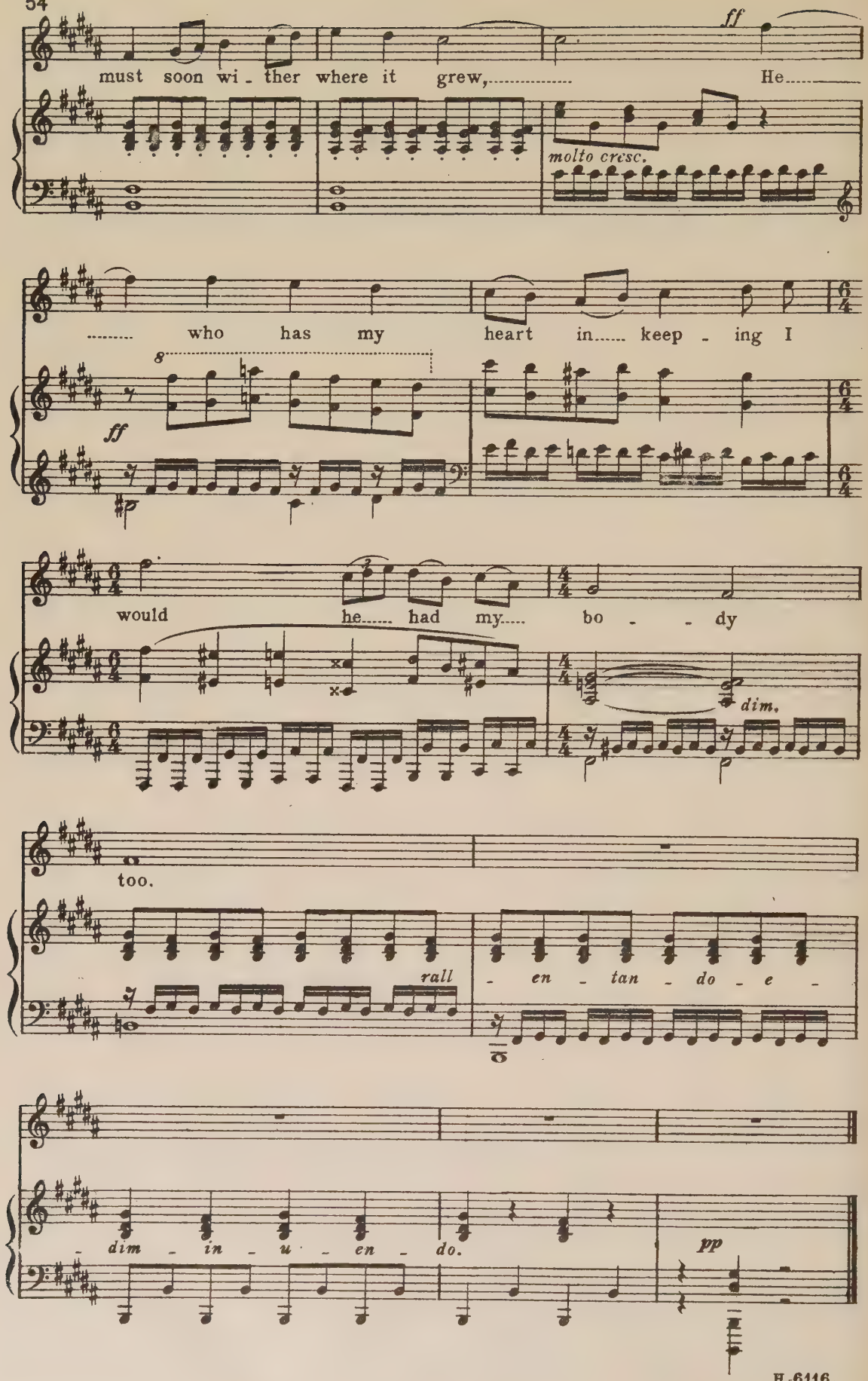
Adapted from an old ballad.




goods of my house - hold.... All my.....
trea - sure's at your com - mand."
But
she said..... to him "The goods you..... prof - fer Are
p
cresc.
far from my mind as the silk of the sea, The
cresc.


f
arms of him, my young love,.... round me Is
f
all the..... trea - sure is true for
me."
dim.
"Proud you..... are then, proud of your beau - ty, But

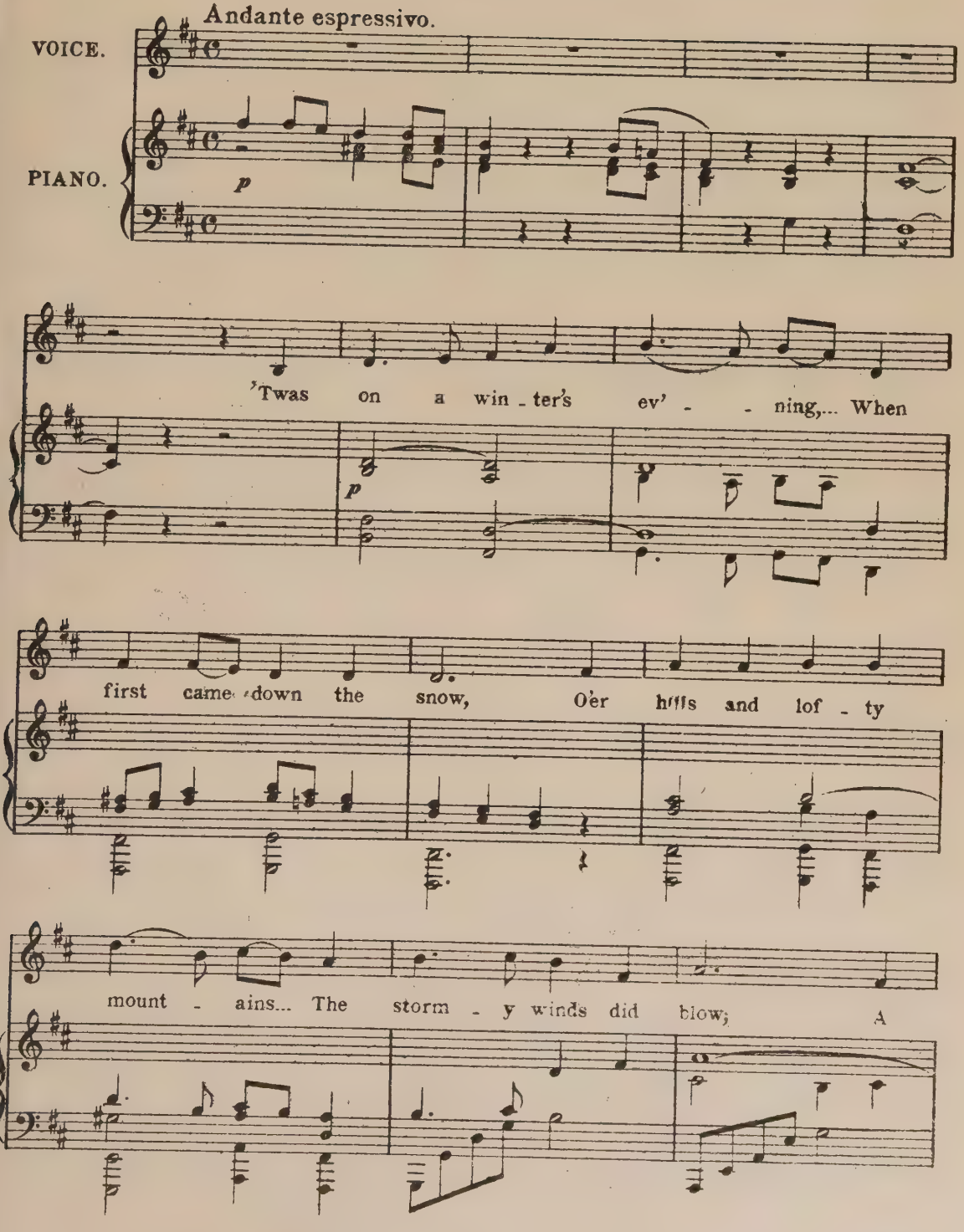
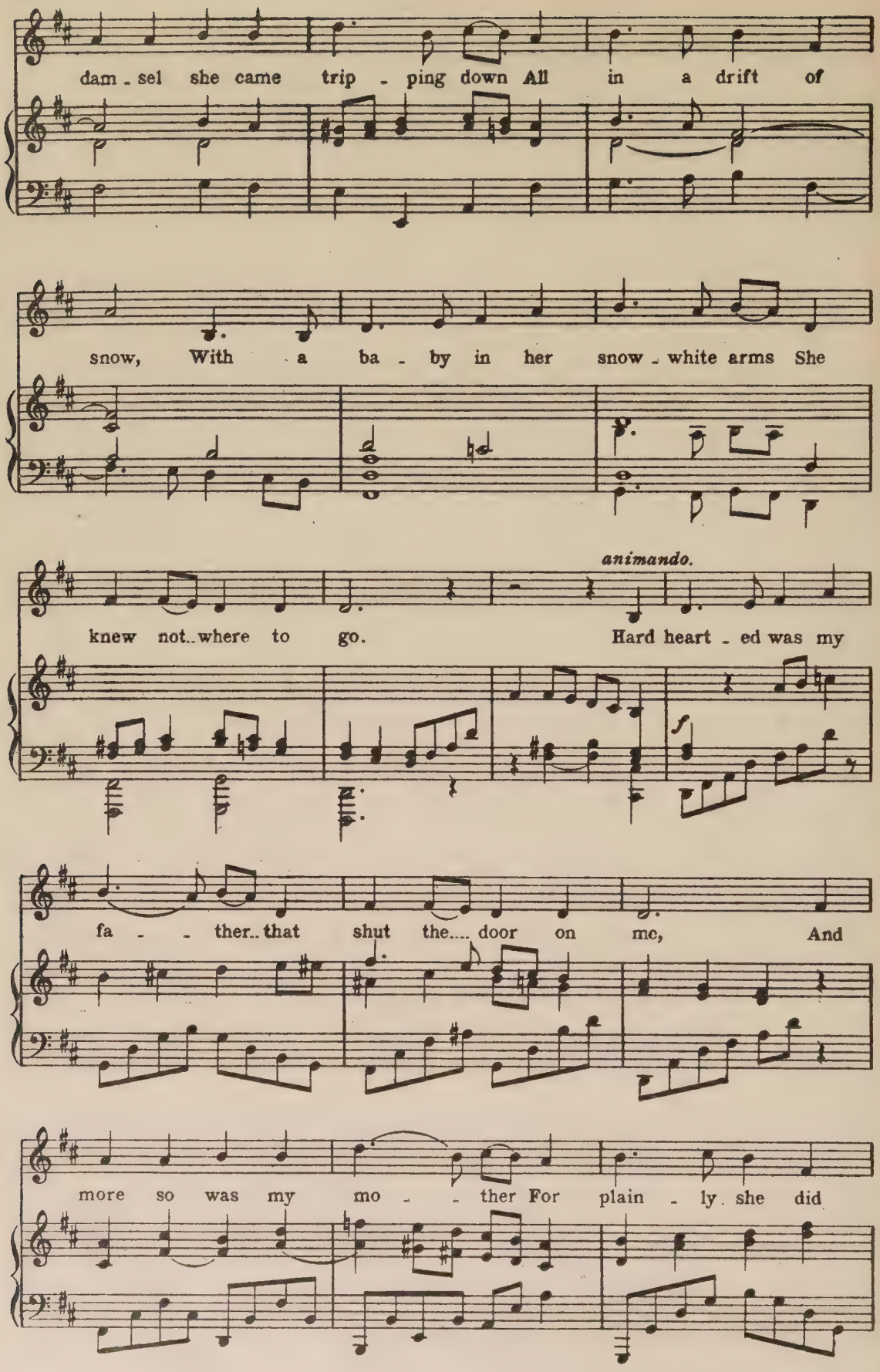

beau - ty's a flow'r will..... soon de - cay; The
fair - est flow'rs on - ly bloom in..... sum - mer, They
bloom one..... sum - mer and fade a -
dim e poco rall.
- way."
p a tempo.
p
My heart is sad for the lit - tle flow'r That
p

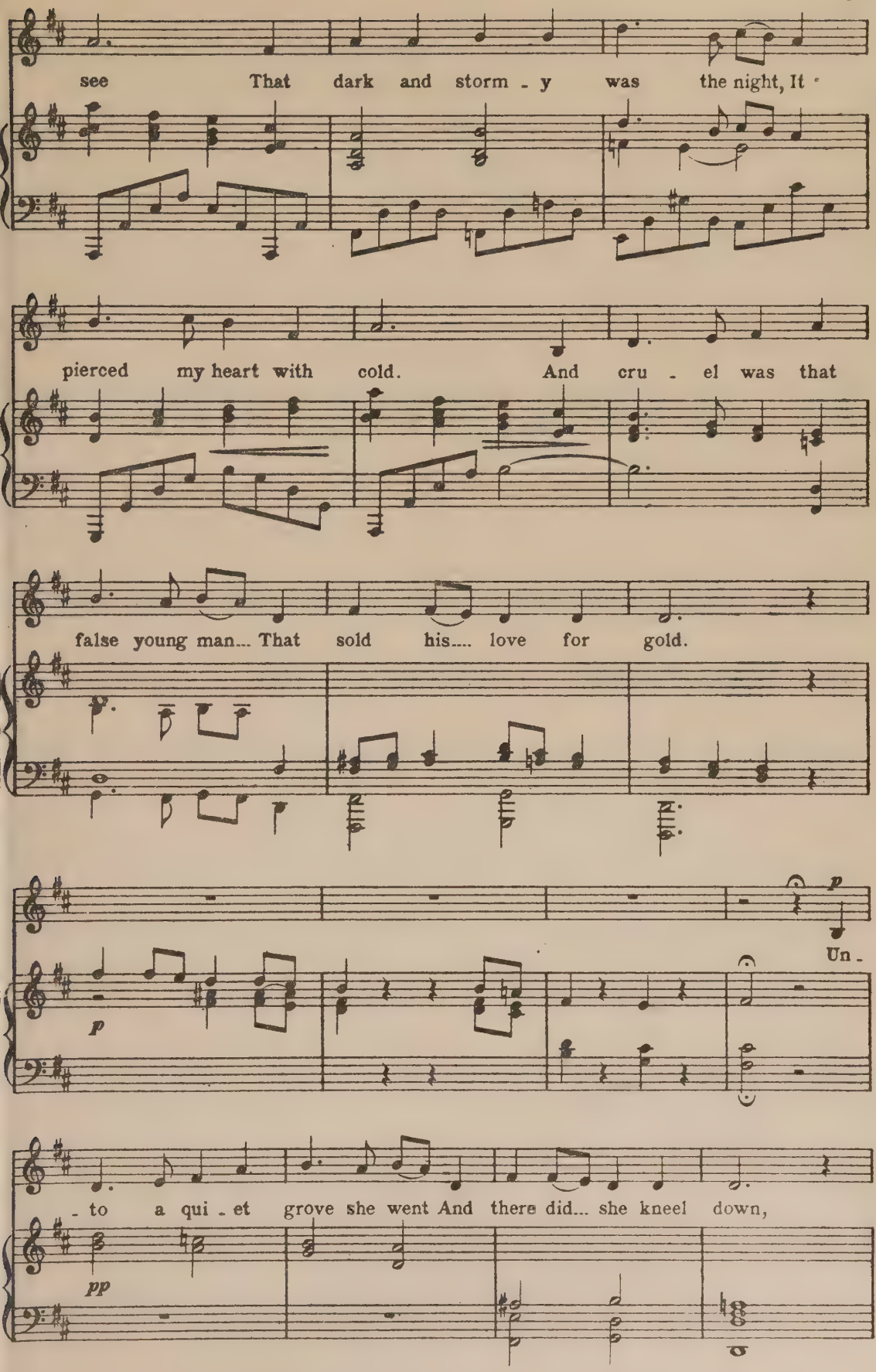

must soon wi - ther where it grew,
ff
He
molto cresc.
who has my heart in keep - ing I
ff
would
he had my
bo - - dy
dim.
too.
rall
- en - tan - do - e -
- dim - in - u - en - do.
pp

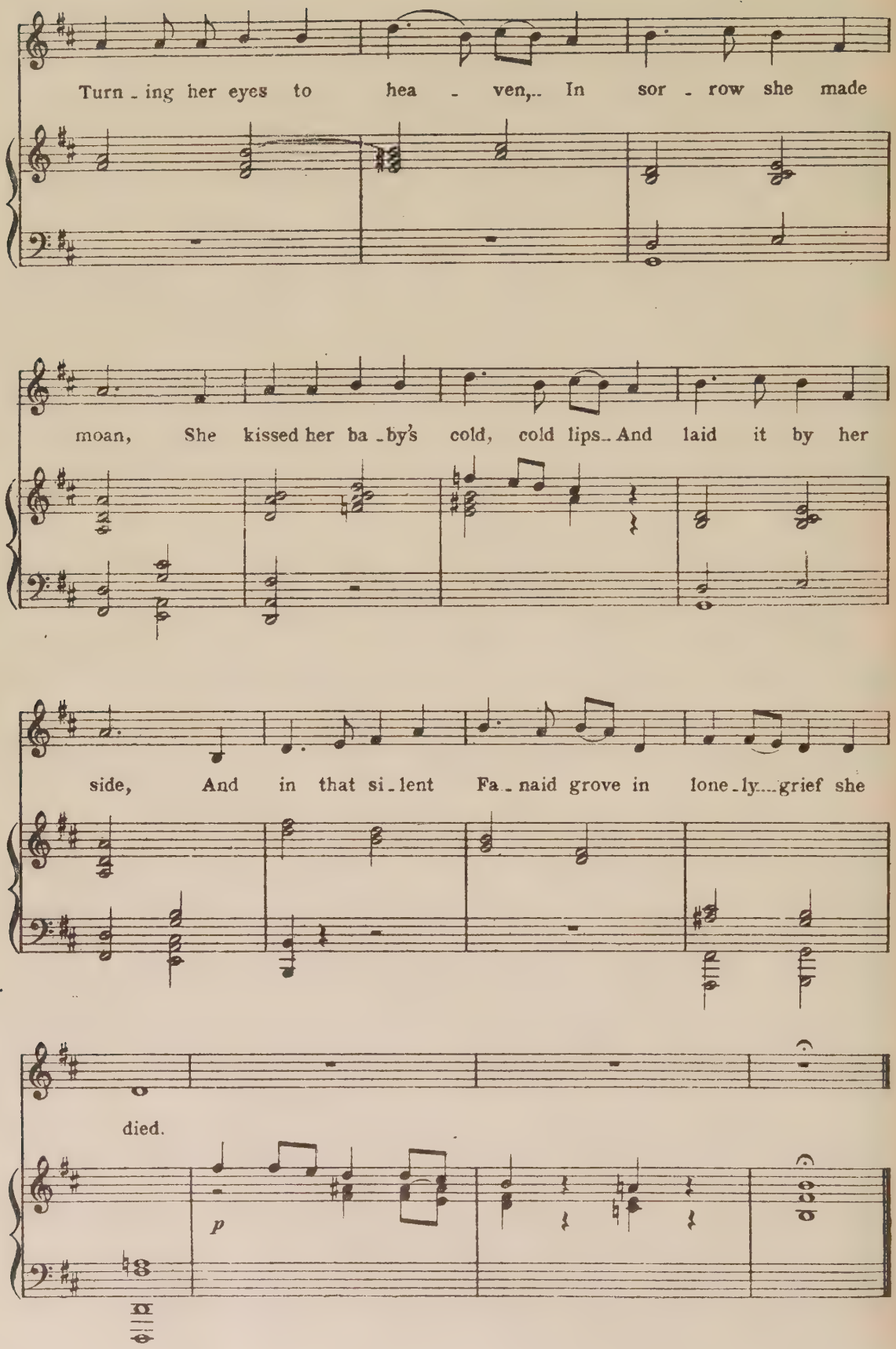
The Fanaid Grove.

Old Ballad
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.


Andante espressivo.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
'Twas on a win - ter's ev' - - ning,... When
p
first came down the snow, O'er hills and lof - ty
mount - ains... The storm - y winds did blow; A

dam - sel she came trip - ping down All in a drift of
snow, With a ba - by in her snow - white arms She
animando.
knew not where to go. Hard heart - ed was my
fa - - ther that shut the door on me, And
more so was my mo - - ther For plain - ly she did

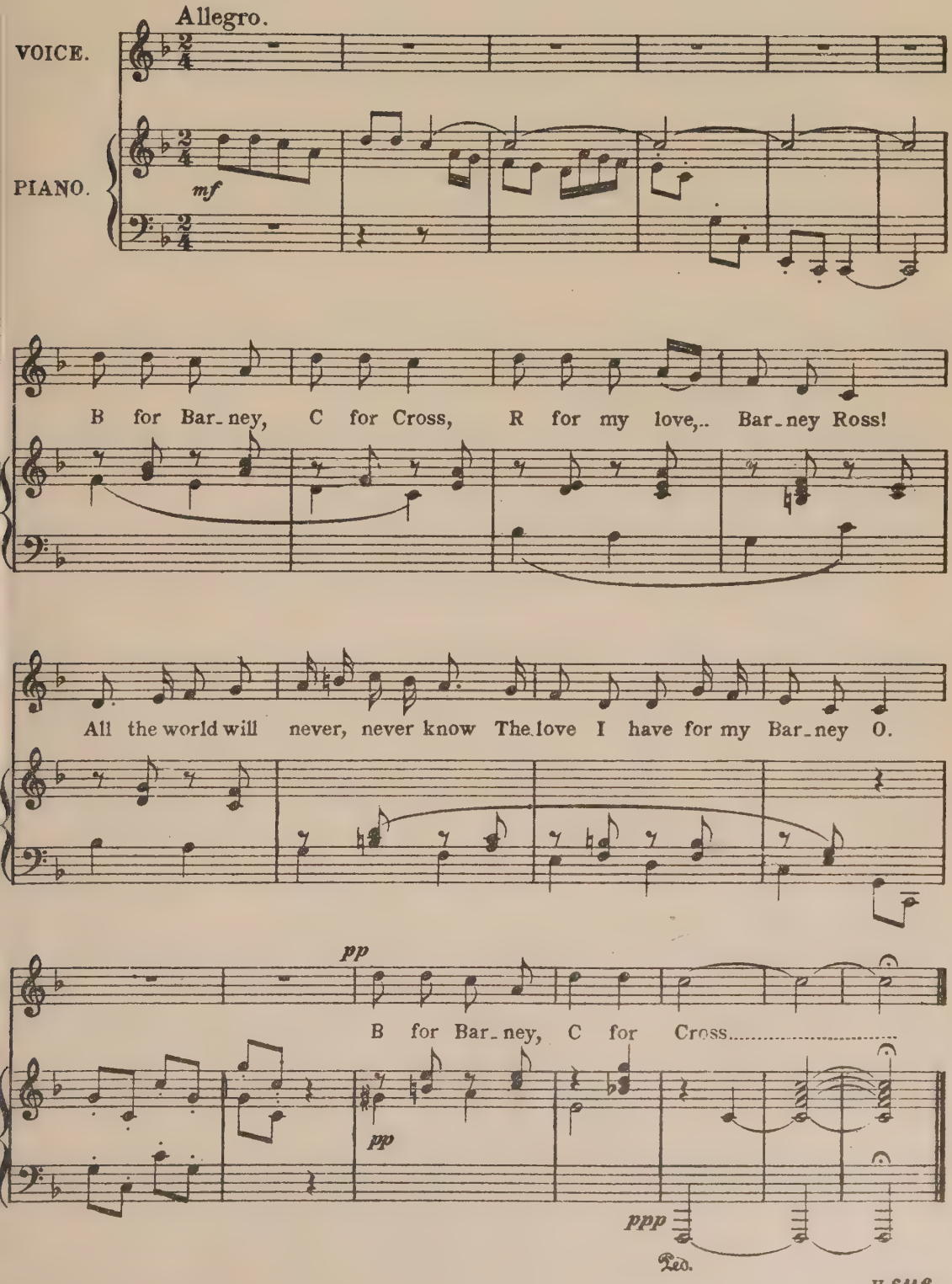

see That dark and storm - y was the night, It
pierced my heart with cold. And cru - el was that
false young man... That sold his.... love for gold.
p
Un -
p
- to a qui - et grove she went And there did... she kneel down,
pp


Turn - ing her eyes to hea - ven,.. In sor - row she made
moan, She kissed her ba - by's cold, cold lips.. And laid it by her
side, And in that si - lent Fa - naid grove in lone - ly.... grief she
died.
p

B for Barney.

(A FRAGMENT.)

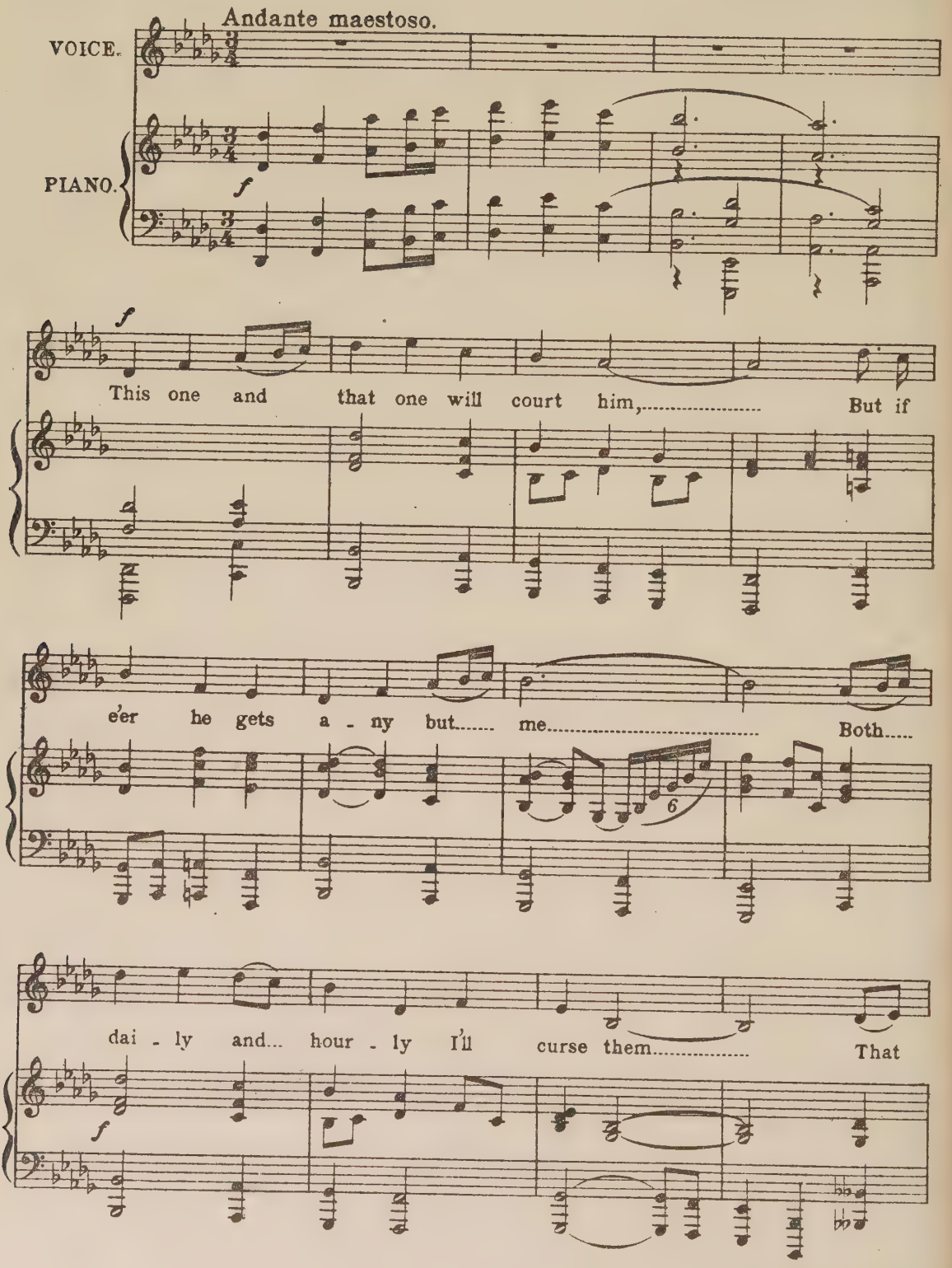
Belfast Street Song. COUNTY ANTRIM.

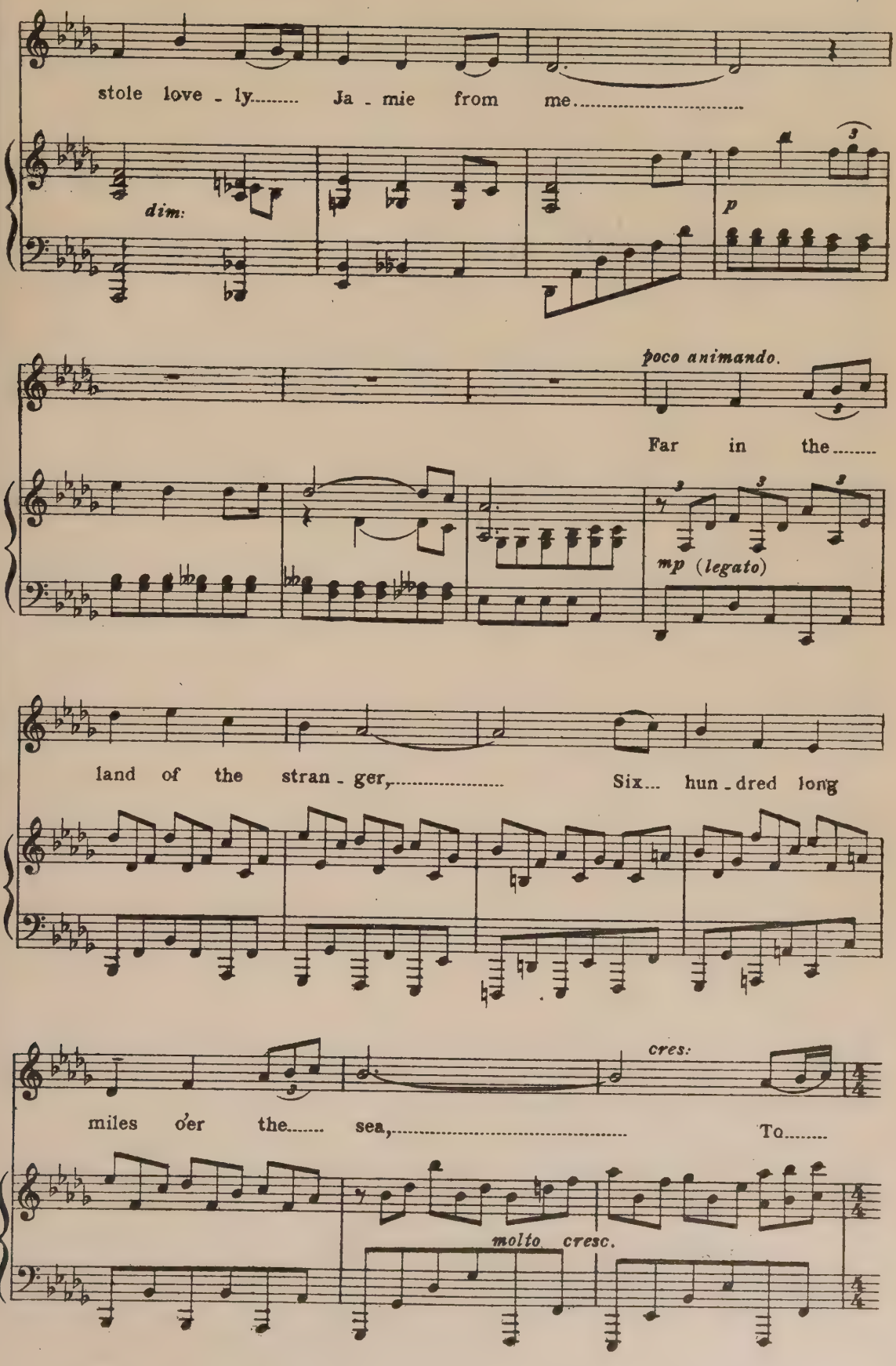


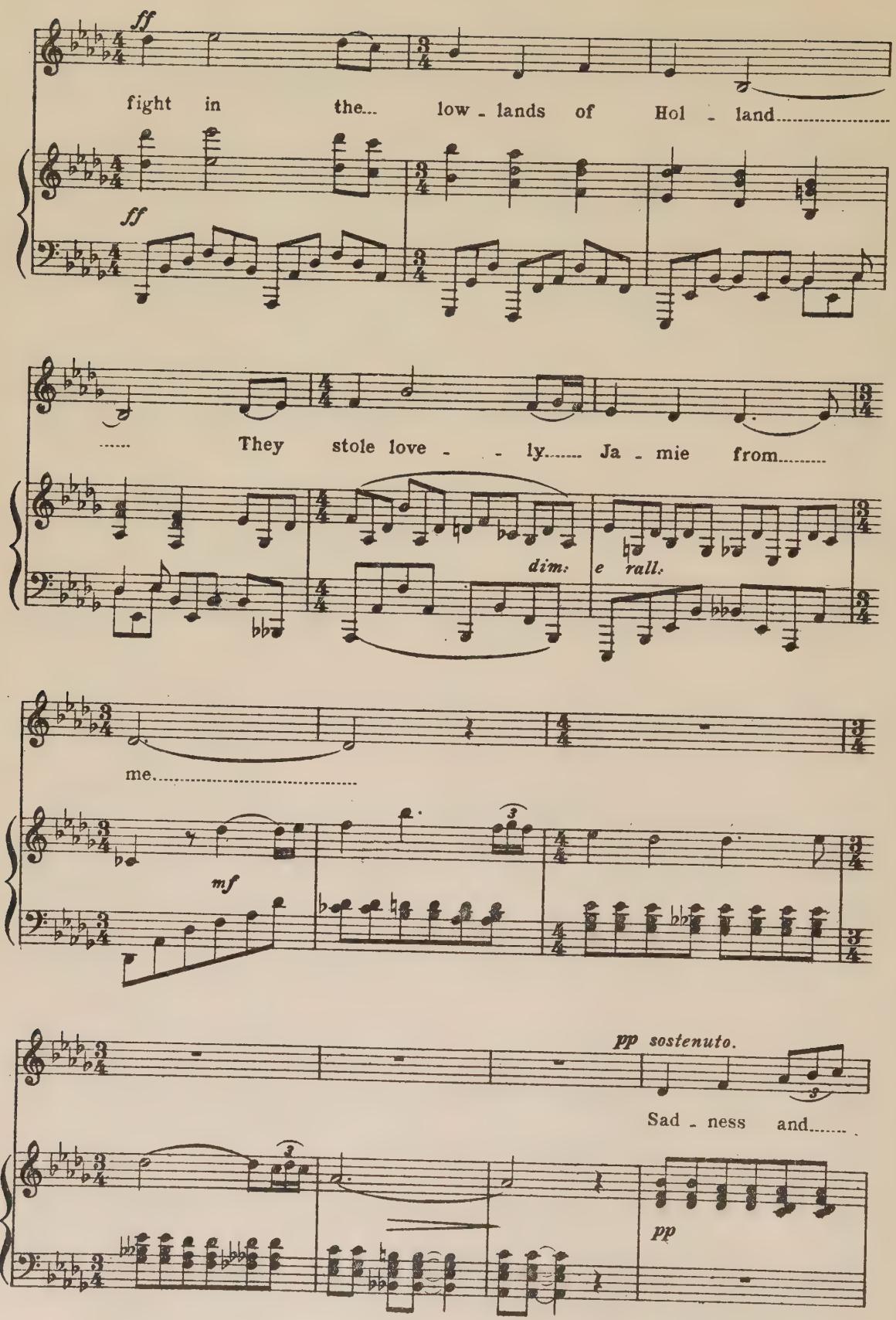
The Lover's Curse.

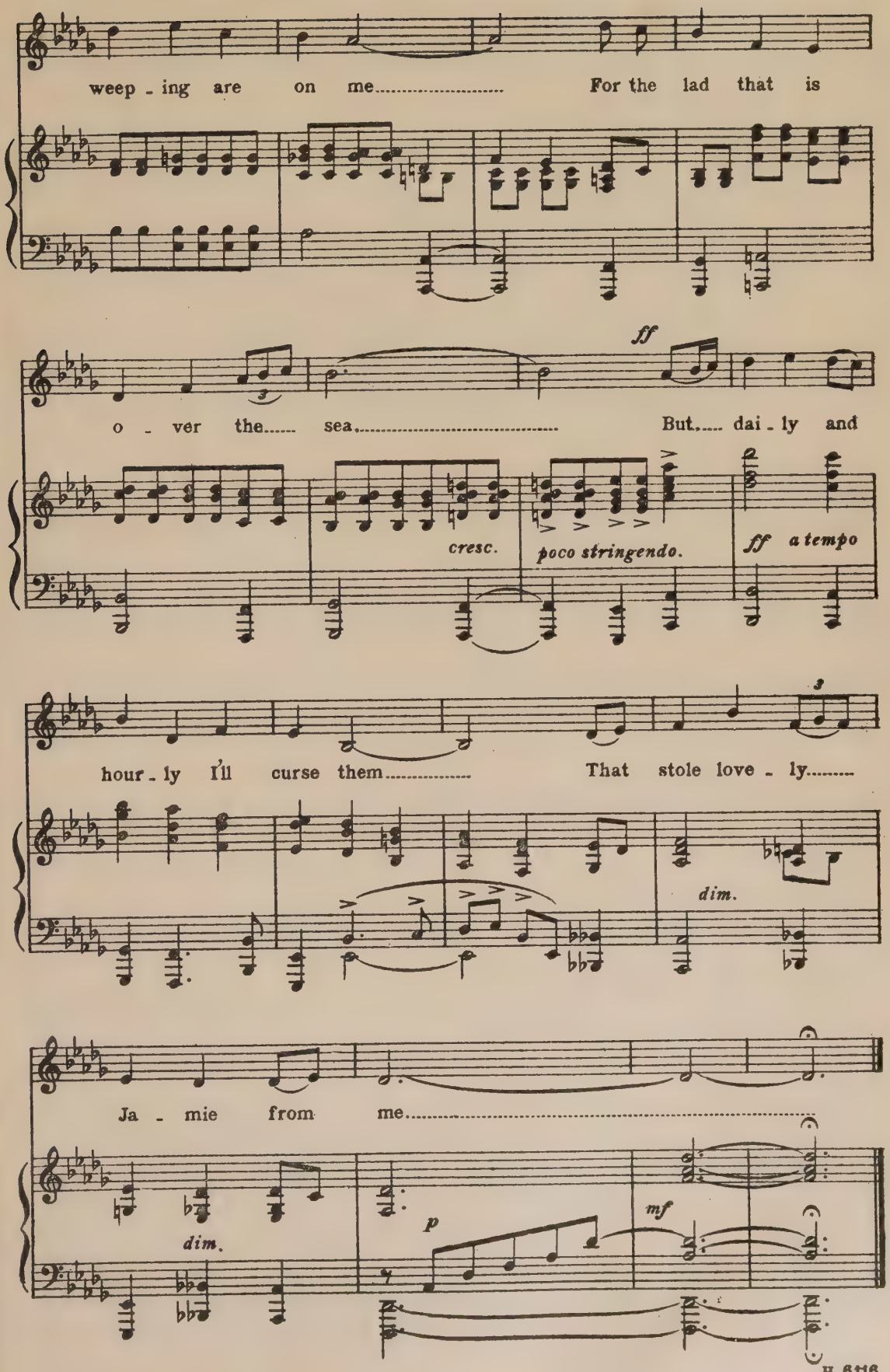
Old Ballad.
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.


Andante maestoso.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
This one and that one will court him,..... But if
e'er he gets a - ny but..... me..... Both.....
dai - ly and... hour - ly I'll curse them..... That


stole love - ly..... Ja - mie from me.....
dim:
p
poco animando.
Far in the.....
mp (legato)
land of the stran - ger,..... Six... hun - dred long
cres:
miles o'er the..... sea,..... To.....
molto cresc.

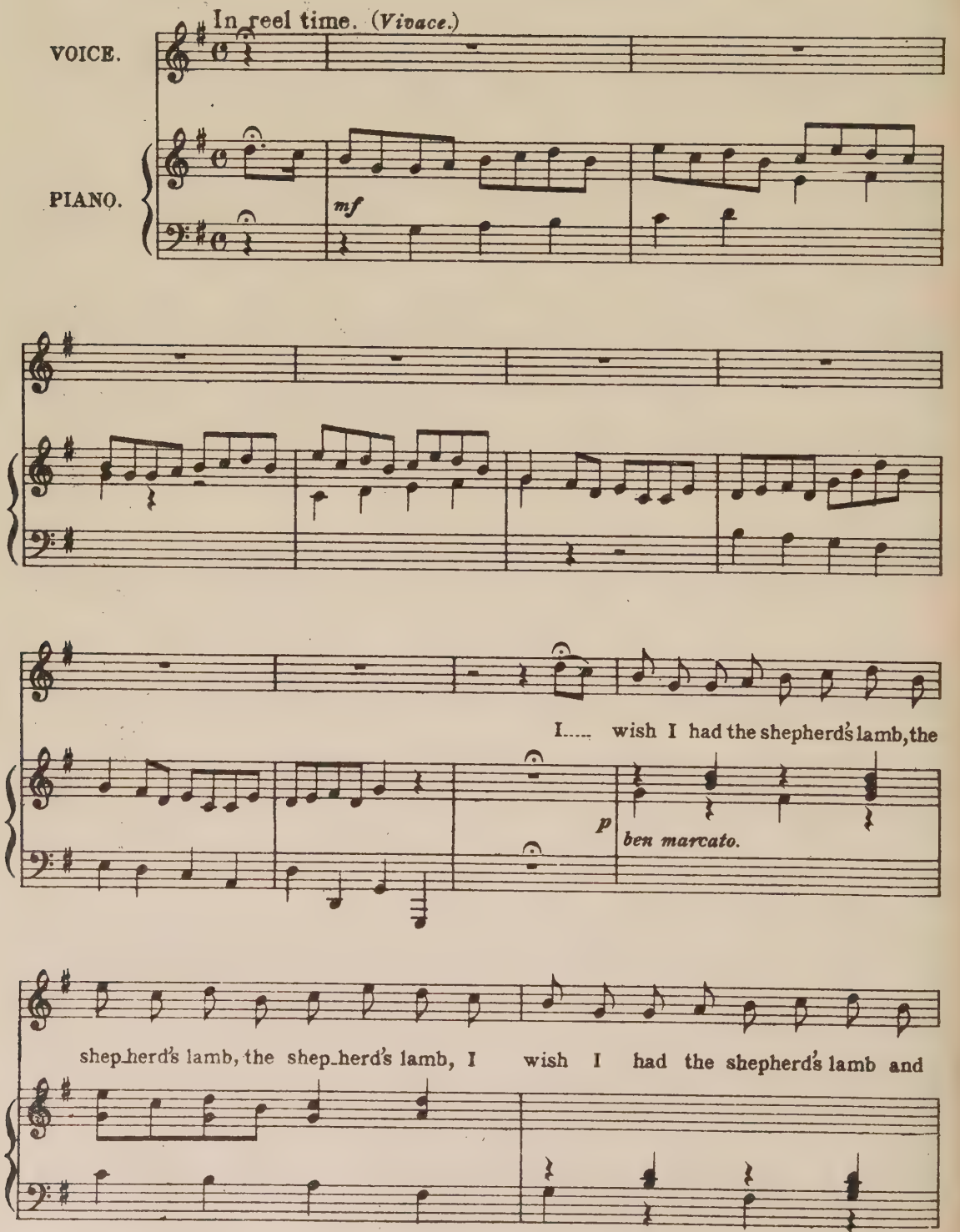

ff
fight in the... low - lands of Hol - land.....
ff
..... They stole love - - ly..... Ja - mie from.....
dim. e rall.
me.....
mf
pp sostenuto.
Sad - ness and.....
pp

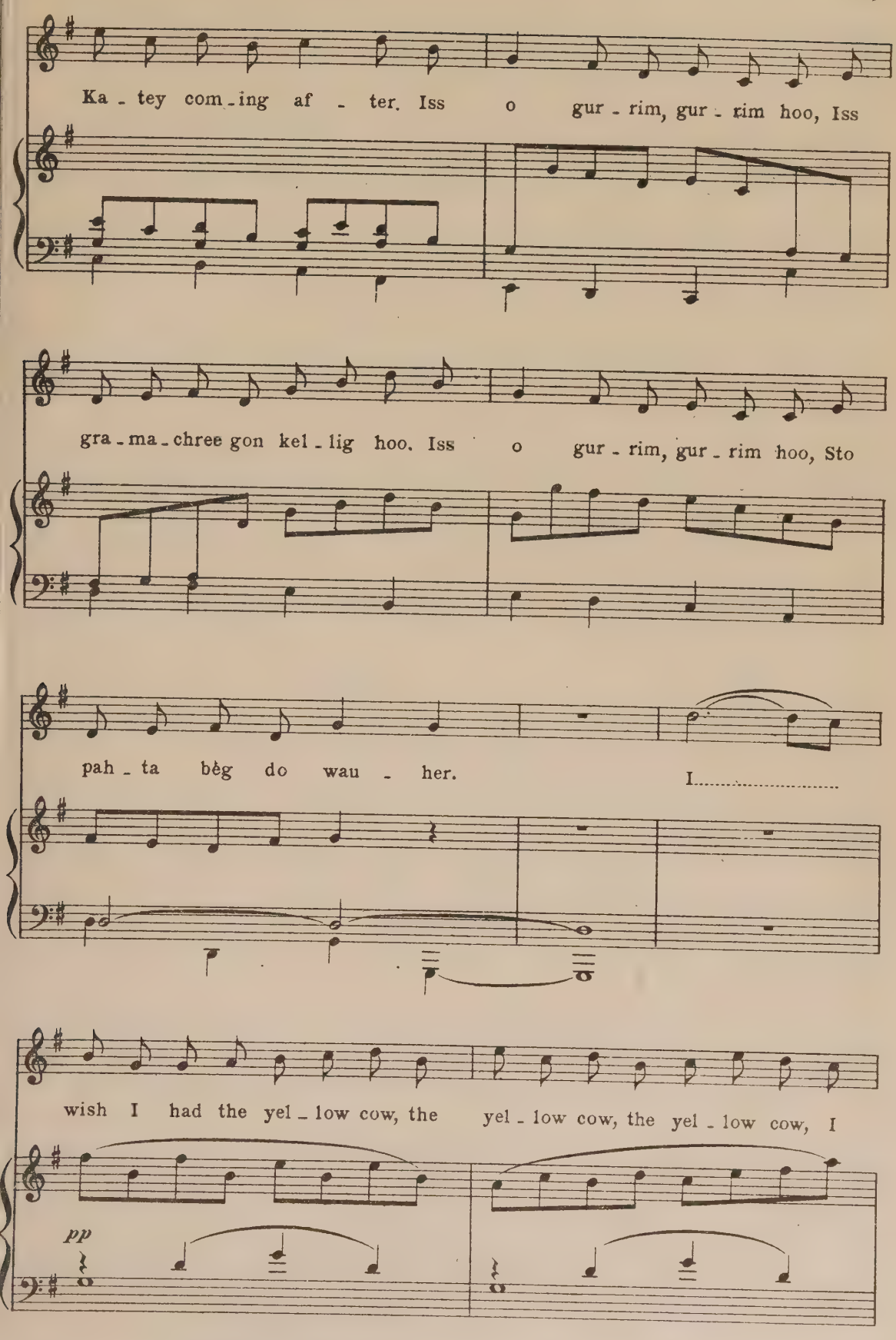

weep - ing are on me..... For the lad that is
o - ver the..... sea..... But..... dai - ly and
ff
cresc.
poco stringendo.
ff a tempo
hour - ly I'll curse them..... That stole love - ly.....
dim.
Ja - mie from me.....
dim.
p
mf

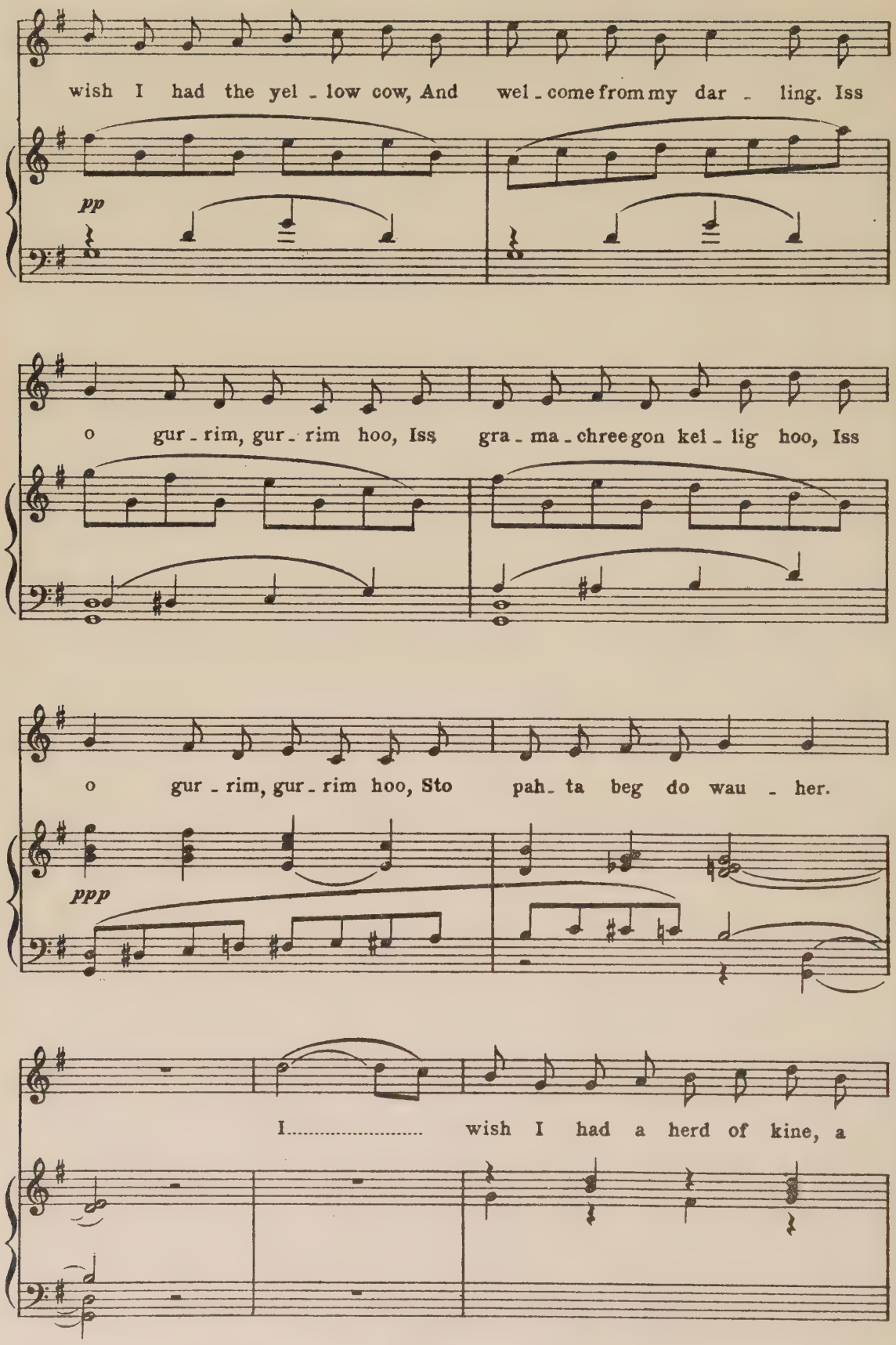
I wish I had the shepherd's lamb.

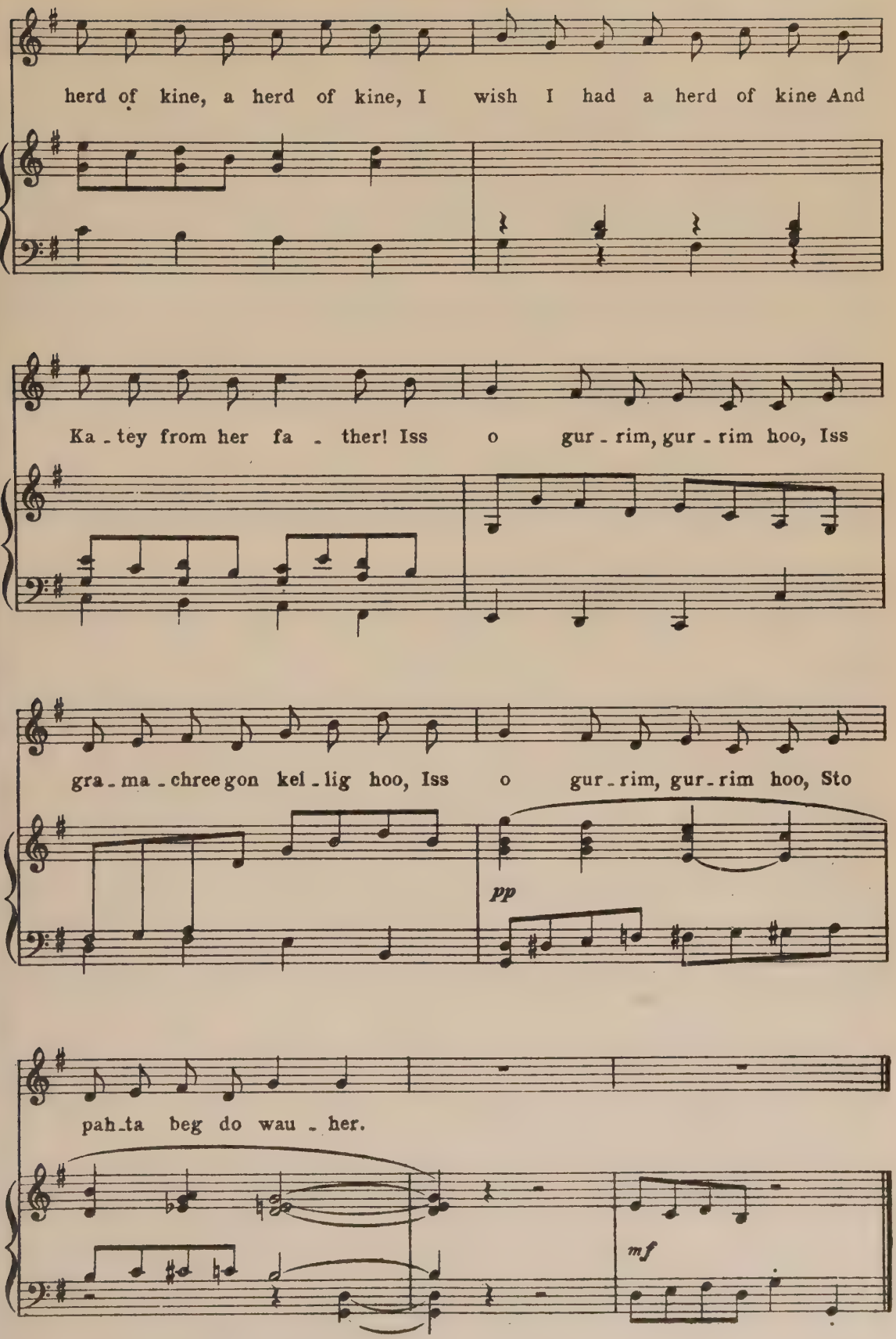
Words by permission from
Joyce's "Irish Music & Song."
(Translated by P. W. Joyce.)

The Glens of Antrim.



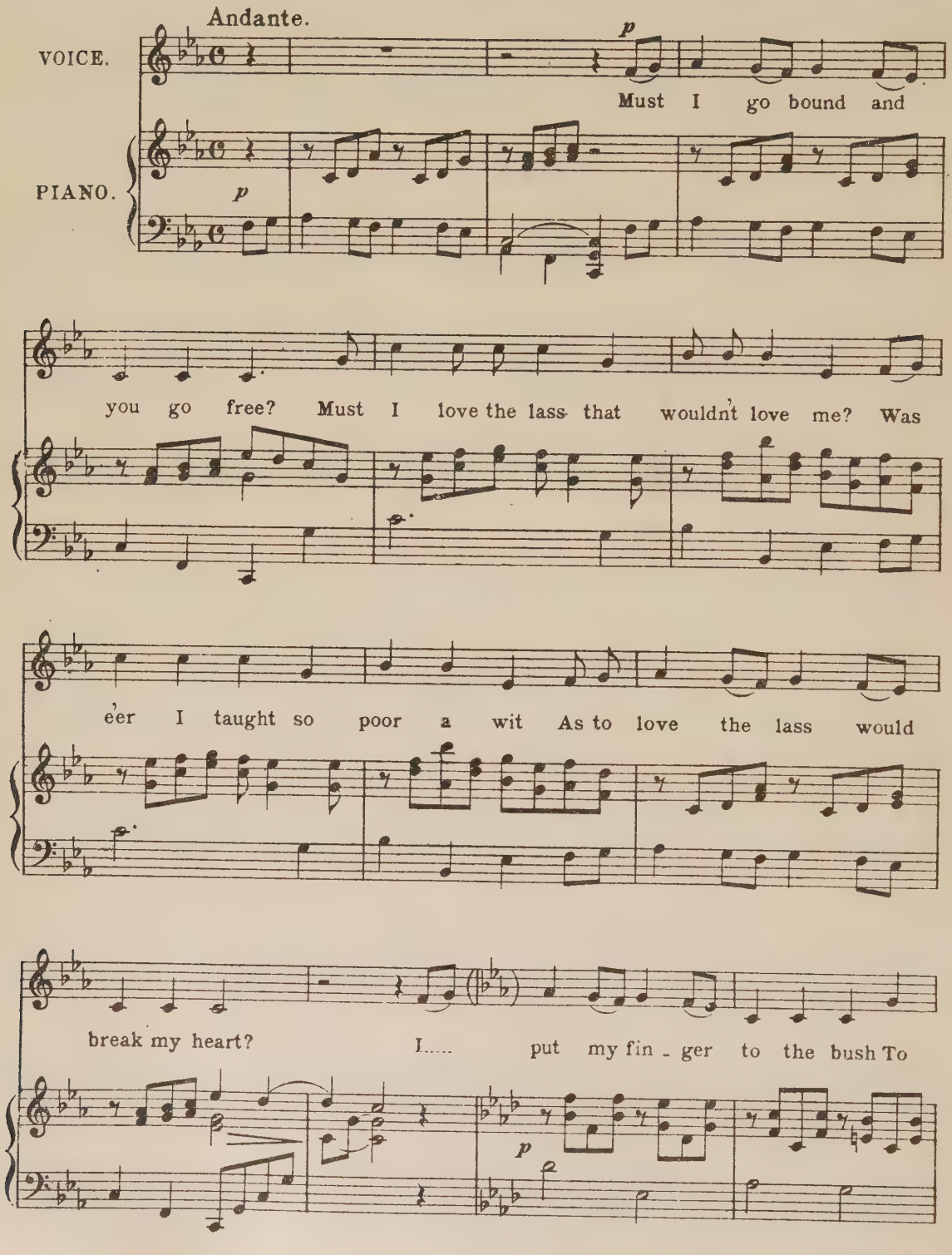

Ka - tey com - ing af - ter. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss
gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto
pah - ta bèg do wau - her.
I.....
wish I had the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, I
pp

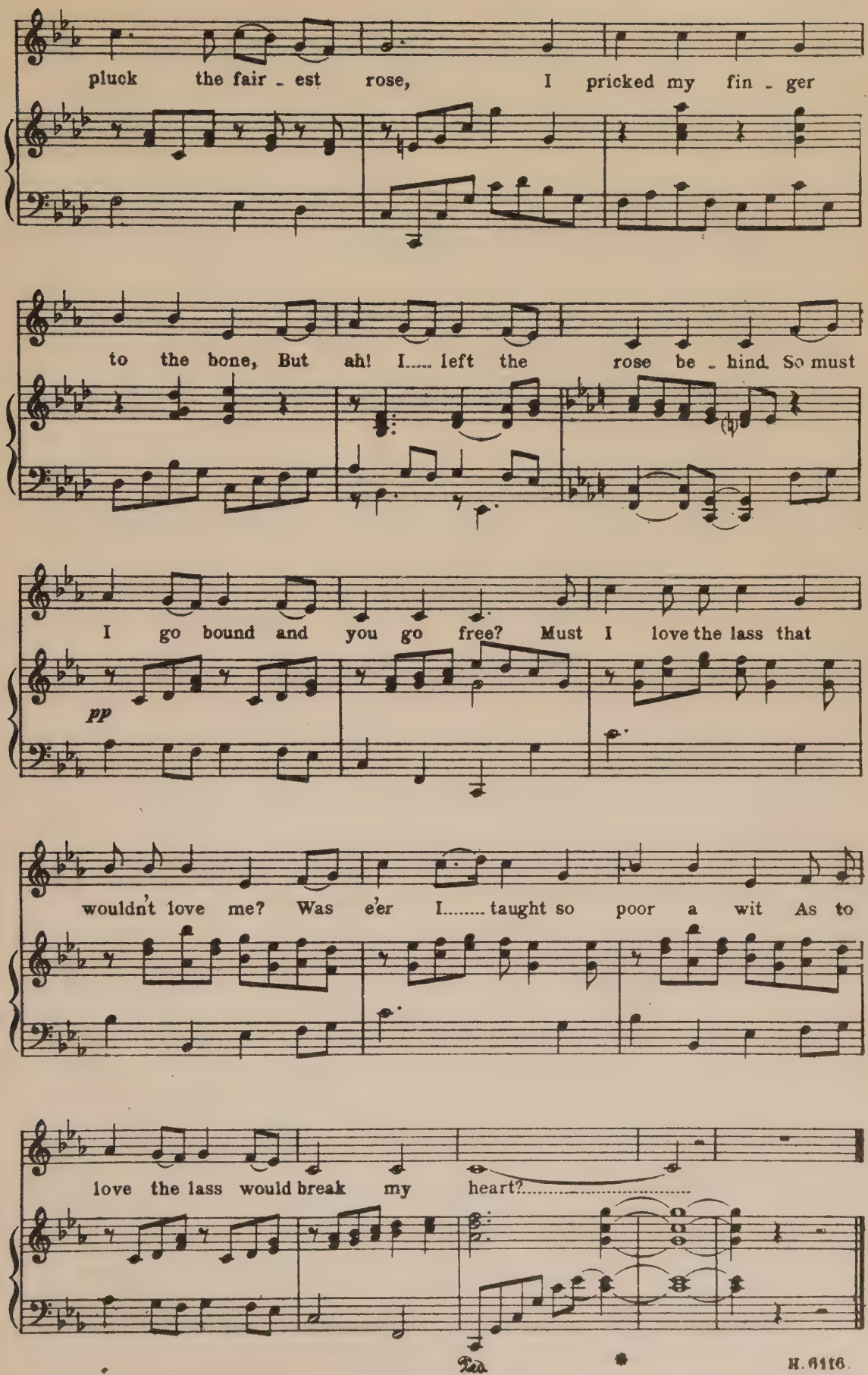

wish I had the yel - low cow, And wel - come from my dar - ling. Iss
pp
o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo, Iss
o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto pah - ta beg do wau - her.
ppp
I..... wish I had a herd of kine, a


herd of kine, a herd of kine, I wish I had a herd of kine And
Ka - tey from her fa - ther! Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss
gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto
pp
pah - ta beg do wau - her.
mf

Must I go bound?

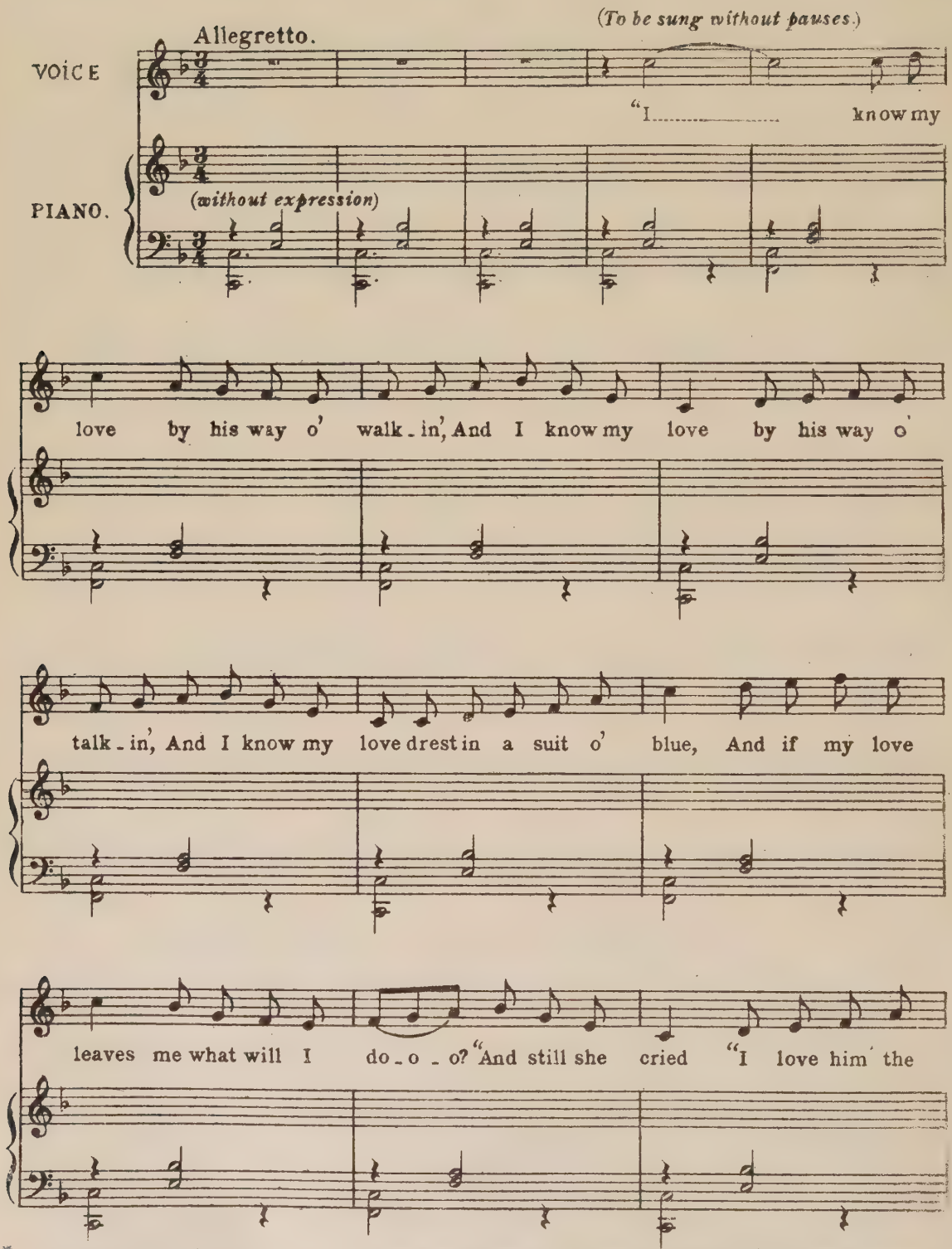
Fragment of an old Song. COUNTY DERRY.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
Must I go bound and
you go free? Must I love the lass that wouldn't love me? Was
e'er I taught so poor a wit As to love the lass would
break my heart? I..... put my fin - ger to the bush To

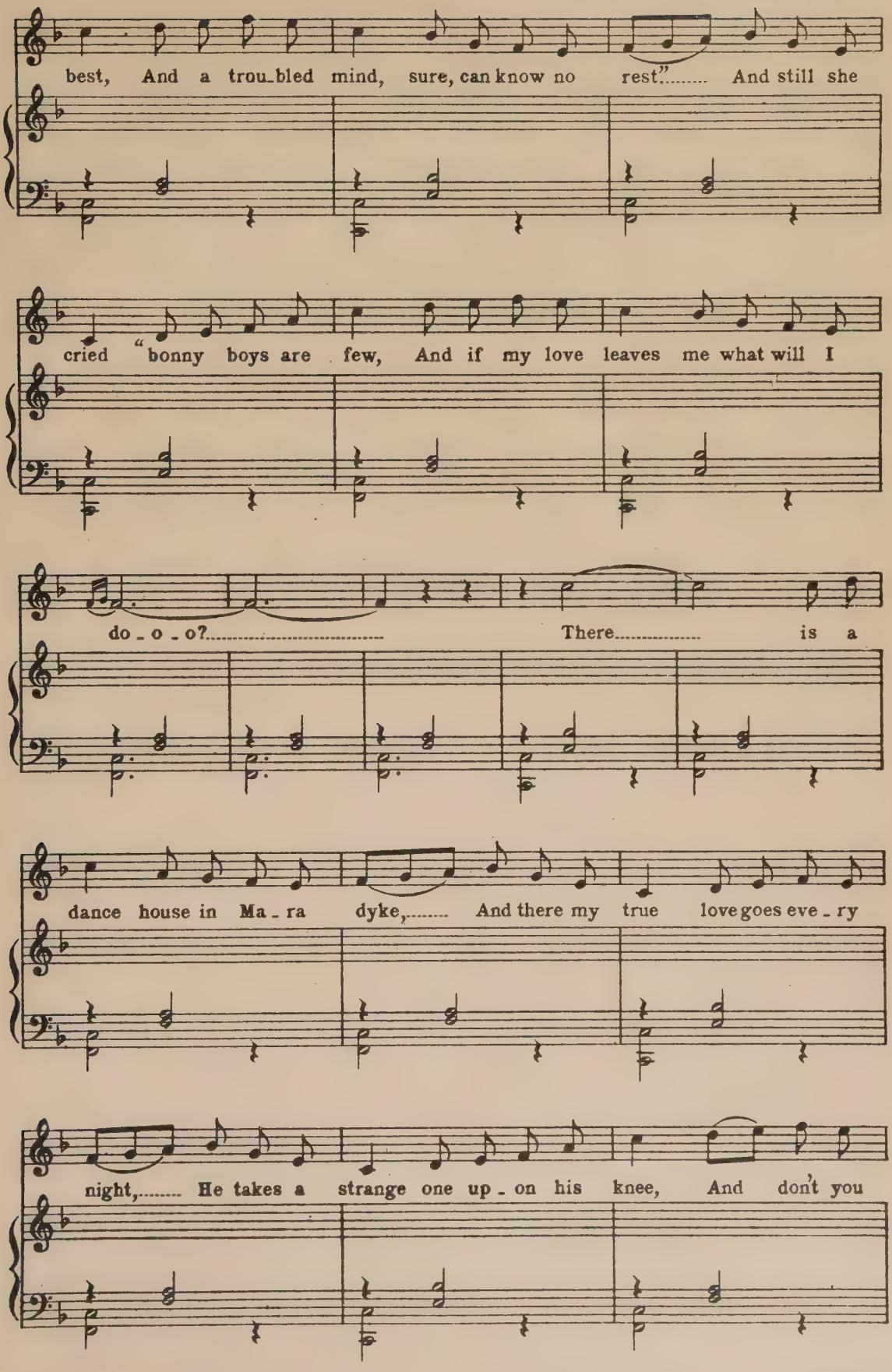

pluck the fair - est rose, I pricked my fin - ger
to the bone, But ah! I..... left the rose be - hind. So must
I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that
pp
wouldn't love me? Was e'er I..... taught so poor a wit As to
love the lass would break my heart?.....
Ped.
H. 6116.

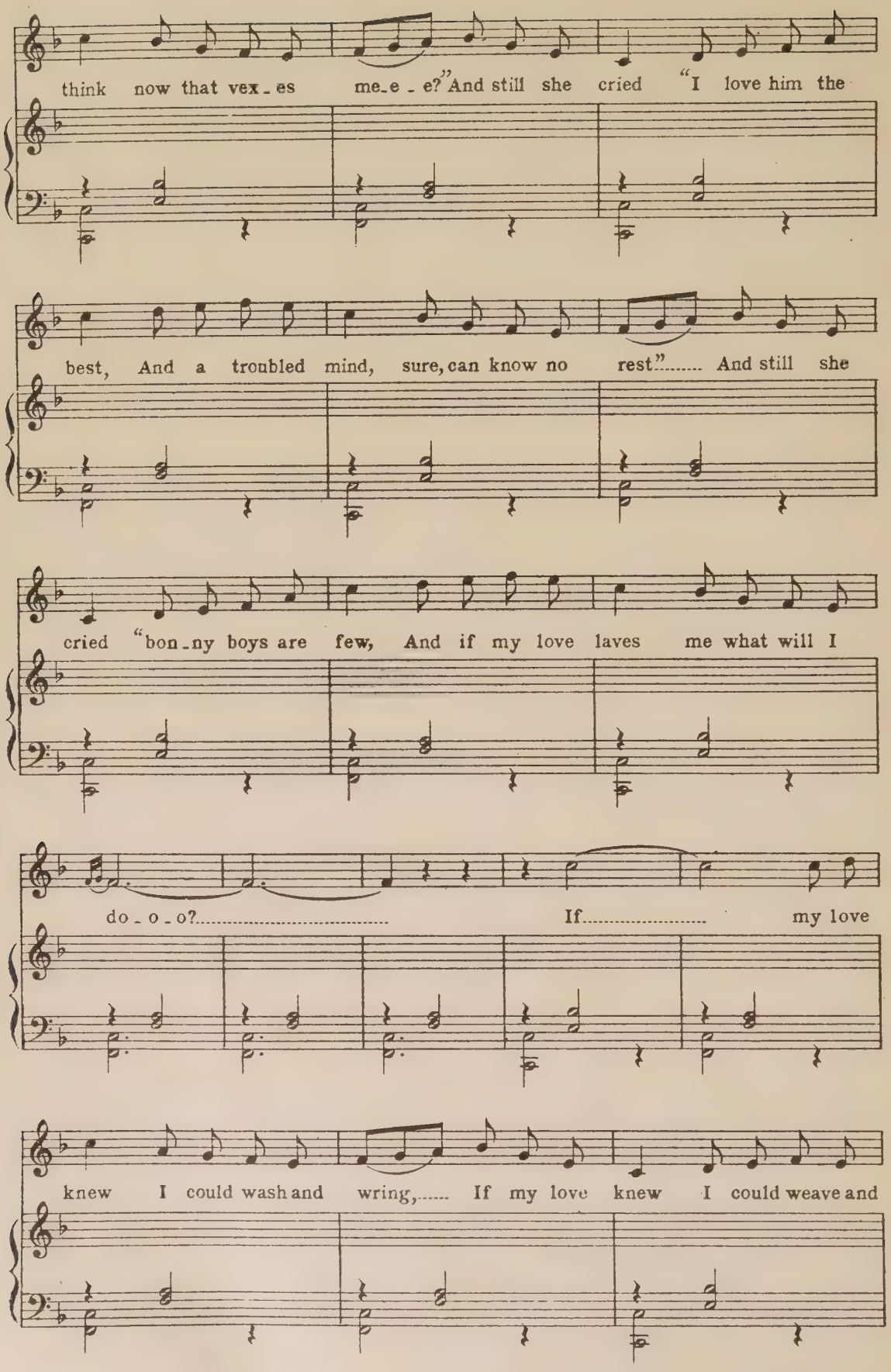
I know my love.

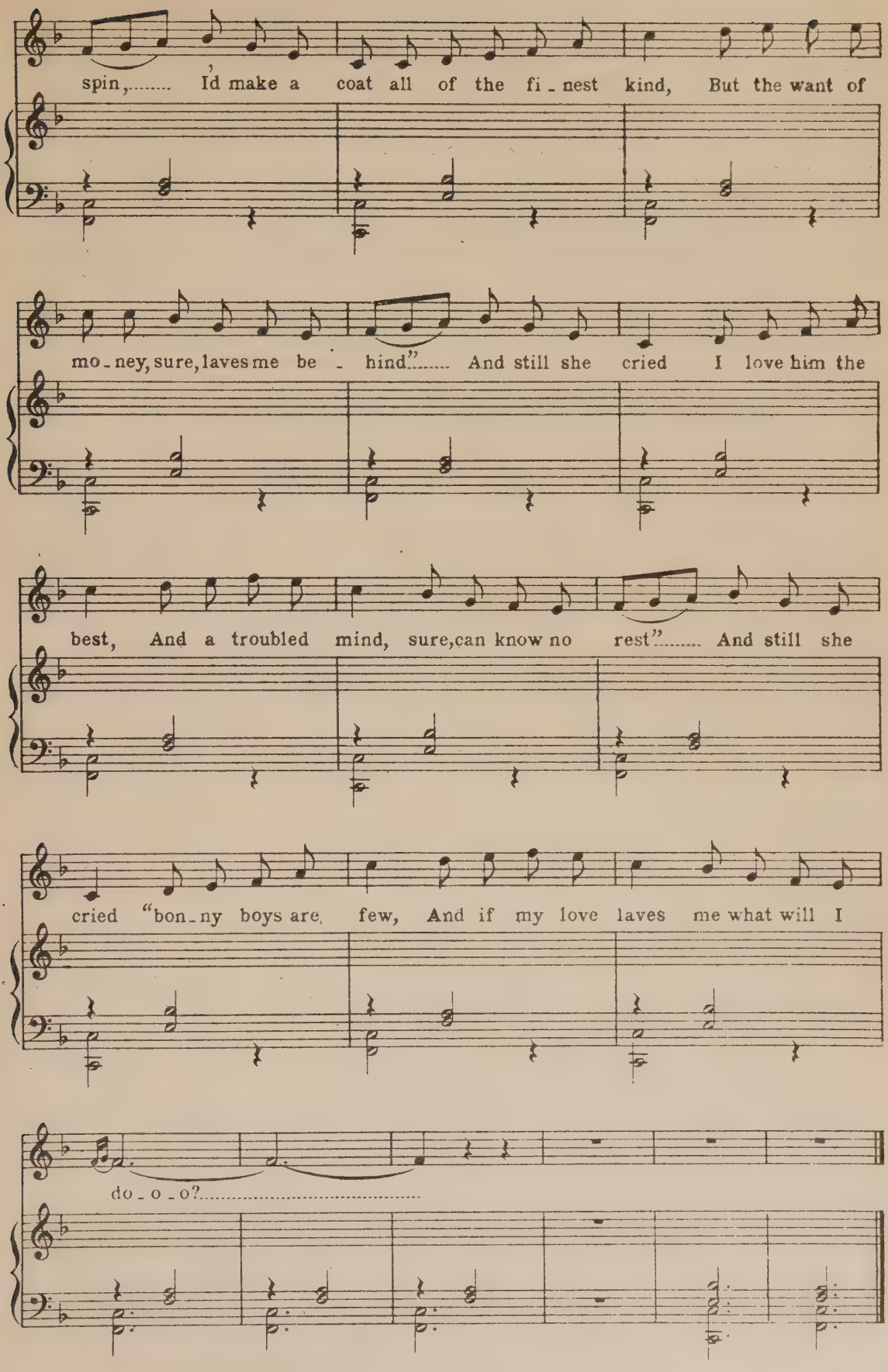
Old Song

WEST IRISH

Allegretto.
(To be sung without pauses.)
VOICE
PIANO.
(without expression)
"I know my
love by his way o' walk-in', And I know my love by his way o'
talk-in', And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue, And if my love
leaves me what will I do-o-o? "And still she cried "I love him the

* In Galway and Clare this song was sometimes sung in alternate verses of Irish and English, but I have been unable to obtain the Irish words. The version here given forms part of the song as it is known in Limerick.—Ed.


best, And a trou_bled mind, sure, can know no rest." And still she
cried "bonny boys are few, And if my love leaves me what will I
do_o_o? There is a
dance house in Ma_ra dyke, And there my true love goes eve_ry
night, He takes a strange one up_on his knee, And don't you

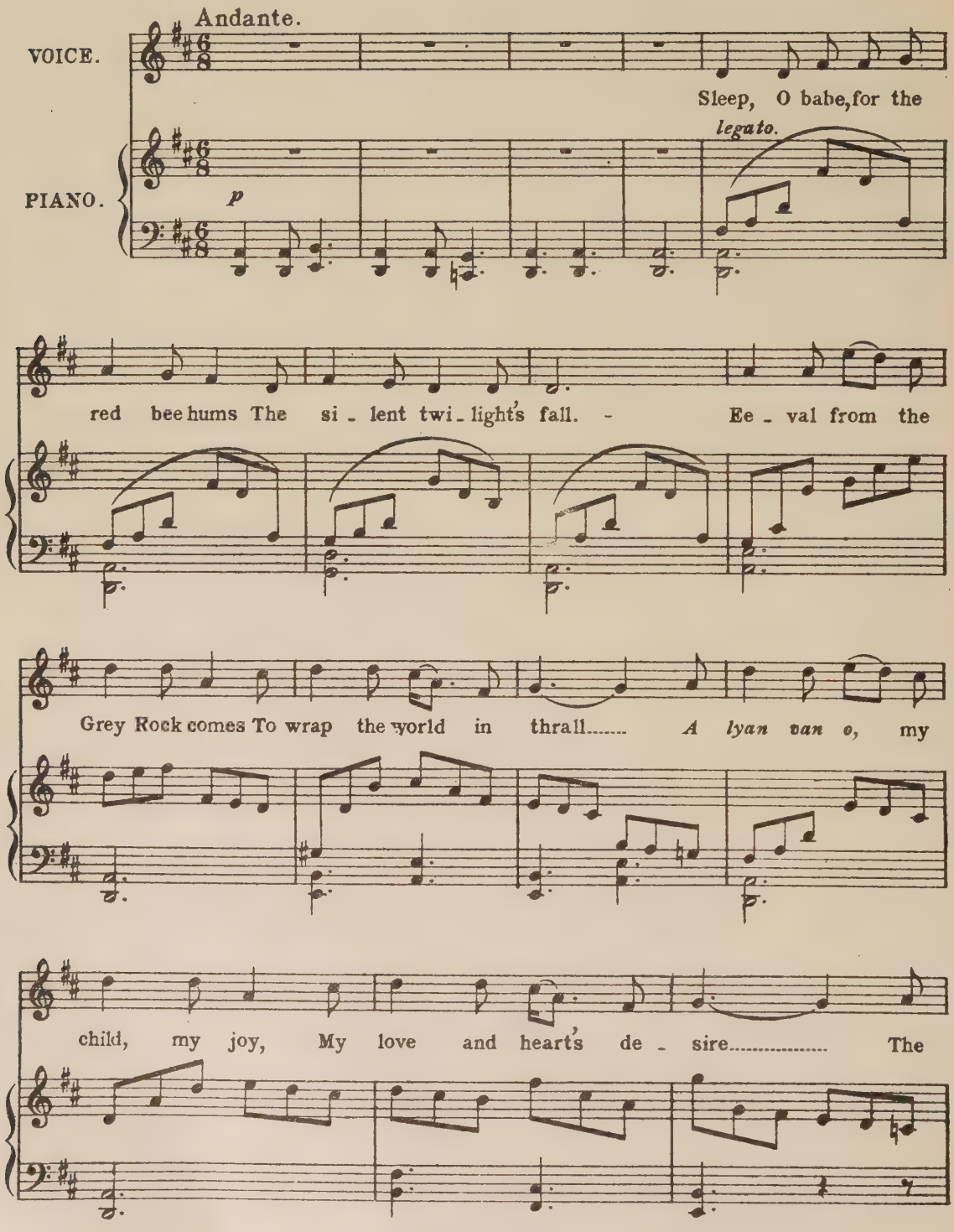

think now that vex-es me-e-e?" And still she cried "I love him the
best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she
cried "bon-ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I
do-o-o?..... If..... my love
knew I could wash and wring,..... If my love knew I could weave and

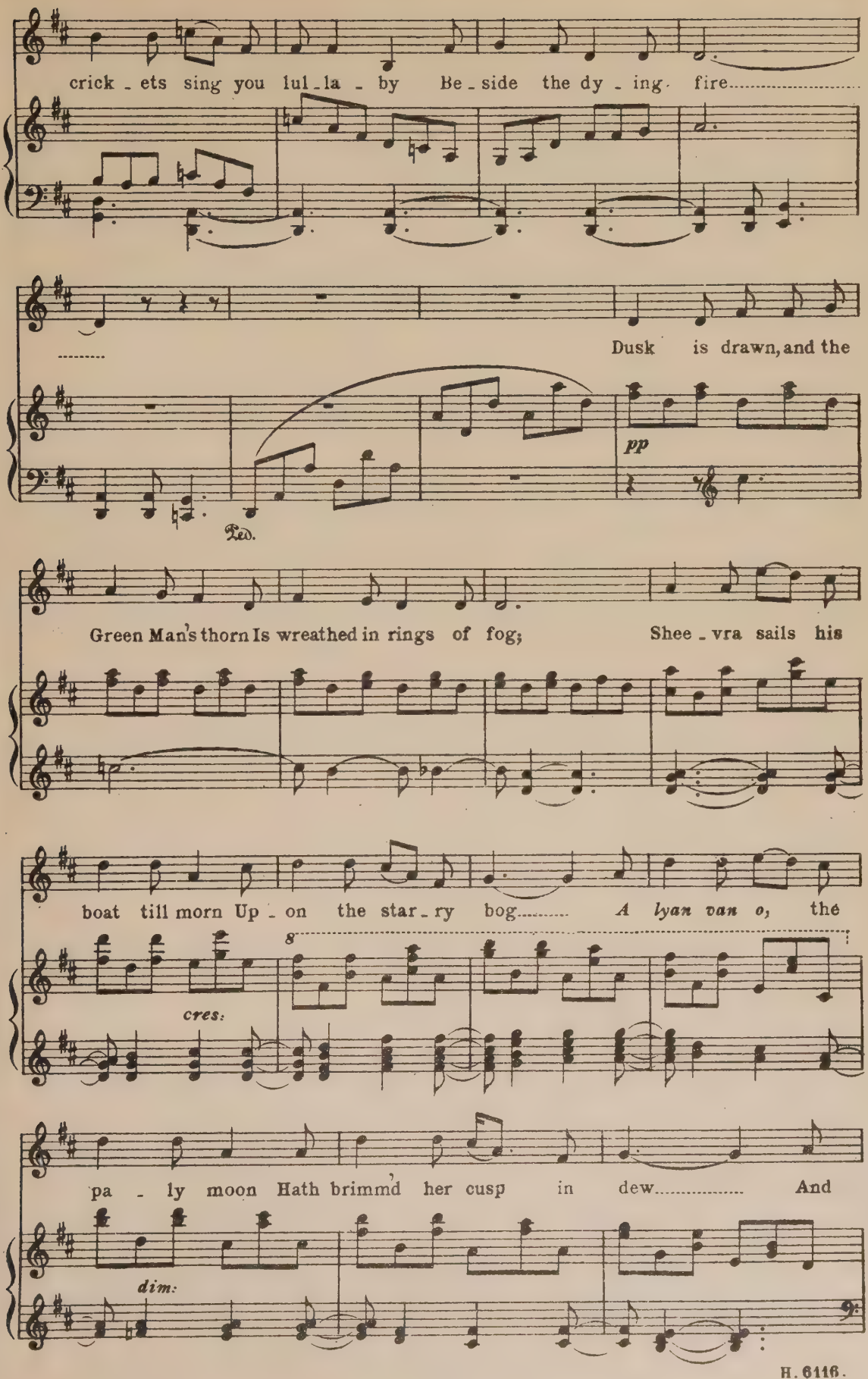

spin,..... Id make a coat all of the fi - nest kind, But the want of
mo - ney, sure, laves me be - hind"..... And still she cried I love him the
best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she
cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I
do - o - o?.....

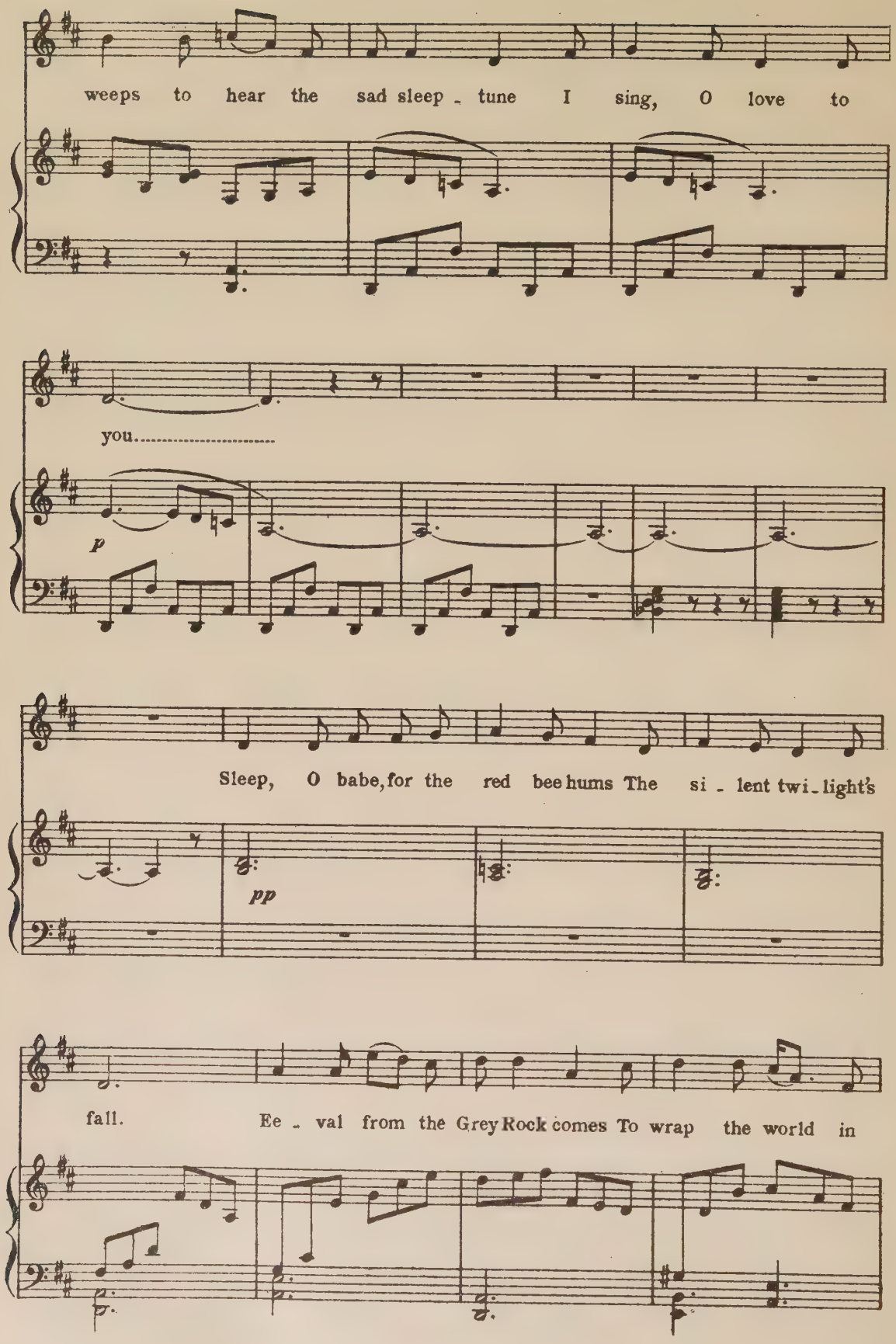
The Gartan Mother's Lullaby.

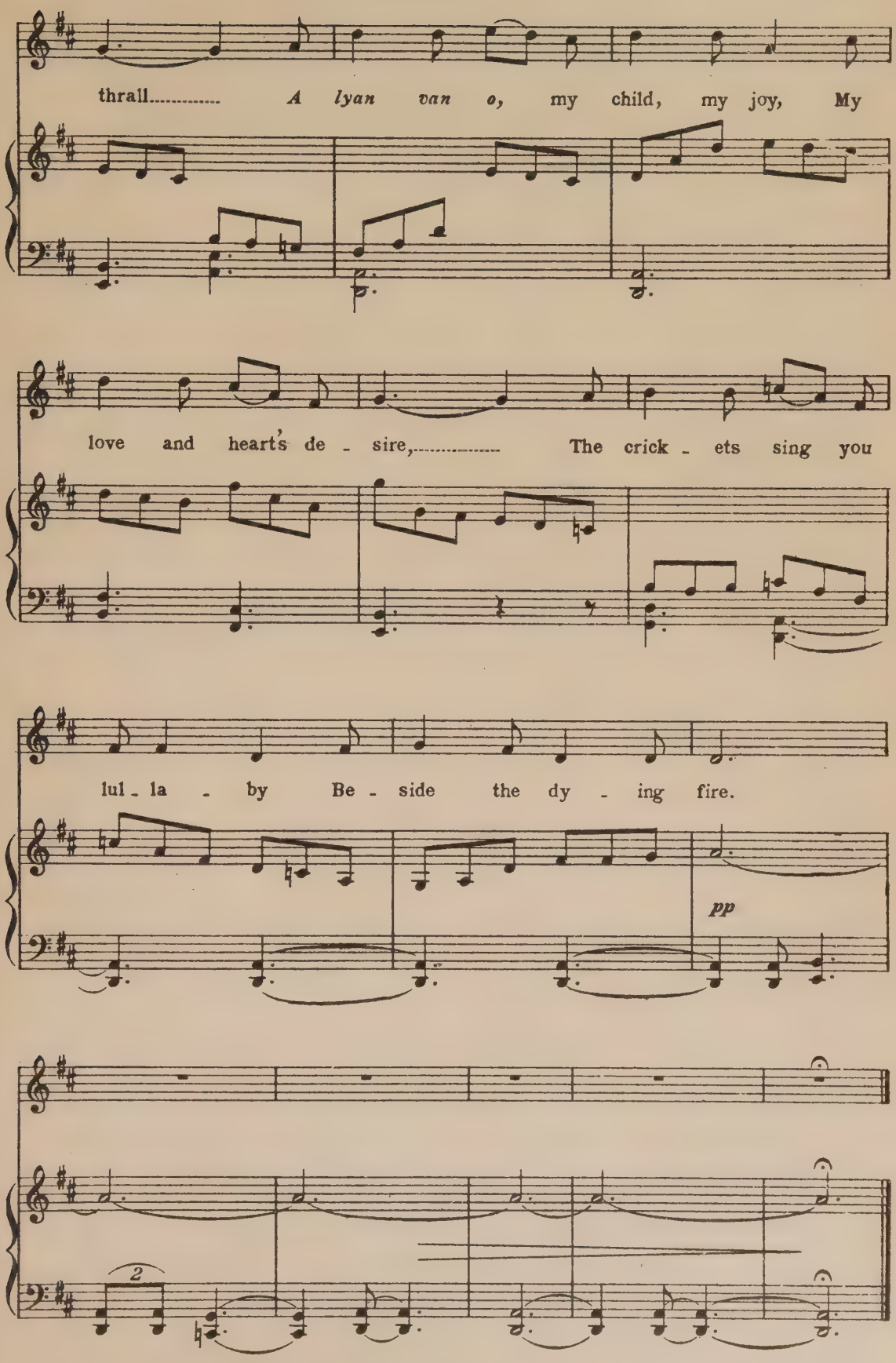
Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
Sleep, O babe, for the
legato.
red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's fall. - Ee - val from the
Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall..... A lyan van o, my
child, my joy, My love and heart's de - sire..... The


crick - ets sing you lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.....
Dusk is drawn, and the
pp
Ped.
Green Man's thorn Is wreathed in rings of fog; Shee - vra sails his
boat till morn Up - on the star - ry bog..... A lyan van o, the
8
cres:
pa - ly moon Hath brimmd her cusp in dew..... And
dim:


weeps to hear the sad sleep - tune I sing, O love to
you.....
p
Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's
pp
fall.
Ee - val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in


thrall..... A lyan van o, my child, my joy, My
love and heart's de - sire,..... The crick - ets sing you
lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.
pp
2

JUST ISSUED

ELIZABETHAN LOVE-SONGS

EDITED AND ARRANGED, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS
COMPOSED, OR ADAPTED FROM THE LUTE TABLATURE, BY

FREDERICK KEEL

FIRST VOLUME

MEDIUM VOICE

	WORDS BY
As Flora slept	*John Hilton*
Come again	*John Dowland*
Come, Phillis	*Thomas Ford*
Deare, if you change	*John Dowland*
Dear though your mind	*William Corkine*
Diaphenia	*Francis Pilkington*
Fain would I change that note	*Tobias Hume*
Faire, sweet, cruell	*Thomas Ford*
Fine knacks for ladies	*John Dowland*
Flow not so fast ye fountaines	*John Dowland*
Go to bed sweet Muse	*Robert Jones*
Here she her sacred bower adornes	*Thomas Campion*
If I urge my kind desires	*Philip Rosseter*
If she forsake me	*Philip Rosseter*
On a time	*John Attey*
Phillis was a faire maide	*Giles Earle's M S.*
Shaded with olive trees	*Thomas Greaves*
Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee?	*Thomas Campion*
Shepherd in a shade, A	*John Dowland*
Sleepe, sleepe	*Giles Earle's M S.*
Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire	*William Corkine*
Sweet Kate	*Robert Jones*
Sweet nymph, come to thy lover	*Thomas Morley*
There is a garden in her face	*Thomas Campion*
Underneath a cypress tree	*Francis Pilkington*
What if I seek for love	*Robert Jones*
When Laura smiles	*Philip Rosseter*
When lo! by breake of morning	*Thomas Morley*
Why dost thou turn away?	*Giles Earle's M S*
Woeful heart with grief oppressed	*John Dowland*

SECOND VOLUME

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Away with these self-loving lads	*John Dowland*
Beauty is but a painted hell	*Thomas Campion*
Break now, my heart, and die	*Thomas Campion*
Come away	*John Dowland*
Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton	*Thomas Campion*
Downe-a-downe	*F Pilkington*
Every dame affects good fame	*Thomas Campion*
Farewell, unkind farewell	*John Dowland*
Flora' wilt thou torment me?	*Thomas Morley*
Her rosie cheeks	*Thomas Campion*
If there be any one	*JohnBartlet*
I heard of late	*John Bartlet*
Now, O now, I needs must part	*John Dowland*
O deare, that I with thee might live	*Thomas Campion*
Oft have I sigh for him	*Thomas Campion*
Peaceful westerne winde, The	*Thomas Campion*
Pretty, pretty duckie, A	*John Bartlet*
Shall a smile or a guileful glance?	*William Corkine*
Shall I Sue, shall I seek for grace?	*John Dowland*
Sorrow, sorrow, stay	*John Dowland*
Stay, Time, awhile thy flying	*John Dowland*
Sweet was the Song	*John Attey*
Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air	*Thomas Campion*
Weep you no more, sad fountaines	*John Dowland*
What if I never speede?	*John Dowland*
What if I speede	*Robert Jones*
What thing is love	*John Bartlet*
When from my love I lookte	*John Bartlet*
Whither runneth my Sweetheart	*John Bartlet*
Who doth behold my Mistress' face	*John Bartlet*

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